The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The August Bookman will contain a special article on A. J. Balfour as a Man of Letters, by James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt.

We live so rapidly that it seems quite a long time ago since Mr. Edward Booth won his first success with "The Cliff End." He has lately completed a new novel, which Mr. Edward Arnold will publish, and for the background of it has gone to Yorkshire, the scene being principally laid at a popular seaside resort which is thinly disguised under the name of Spaforth.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing a little volume on "The Loss of the Titanic: Its Story and Its Lesson," by Lawrence Beesley, who is one of the survivors from that unprecedented disaster. Mr. Beesley relates the story of the wreck, and deals with its psychology, the way the crowd encountered fear, the general after effect of the experience on those who were rescued, and the superstitious beliefs commonly entertained by seafarers and the world at large.

Messrs. Cassell have a great record as pioneers of the cheap reprint, and we congratulate them on the success of their latest venture in that kind. Their well-known series, "The People's Library," was started four years ago and already over two million copies have been sold, in celebration of which achievement they have just issued a fourteen-page booklet that contains a biographical dictionary of authors whose works are included in the series.

Mr. George Edgar, who is well-known as a contributor to periodical literature, has written a novel of the prize ring days of a hundred years ago. The book is called "The Blue Bird's-Eye," and will be published this month by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

Most of us could name off-hand half-a-dozen ingenious men of letters who have turned their hands to the solving of Dickens' "Mystery of Edwin Drood," but how many of us remember the sequel to that story which was written by Elizabeth Newton (Gillan Vase) and published more than thirty years ago? Among the growing number of those who are wrestling with the problem

that Dickens left us, Mrs. Newton has her place with the pioneers. She had been reading the novel in the monthly parts, as they appeared, and was so keenly interested in it that when Dickens died, leaving the tale half told, a friend of hers proposed jestingly that she should finish it herself. At first she laughed at the notion, but it remained with her, and presently she began to attempt the task. "Then," she says, "I felt obliged to go on; I could not stop; I was obsessed with it, and, encouraged by the sympathy of my father and my friend, I wrote on to the end. I am no spiritualist, but really it often seemed to me as if I were only the amanuensis of some one else who dictated. Several chapters, and those the best, were written straight on end without the alteration of a single word."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Sir Sidney Colvin,

who has been Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum since 1884, and has just retired.

Mrs. Newton is emphatically opposed to the theory that Edwin Drood was murdered. To attempt any outline of the elaborate and ingenious plot of her sequel is impossible here, and those interested should contrive to get hold of her out-of-print book "A Great Mystery Solved." In this she shows how Jasper, after drugging Edwin's wine, attempted to strangle him with "that great black scarf" of his, the two being alone at night in the churchyard. He has already obtained the key to Mr. Sapsea's vault, having taken it from Durdles, whose liquor he had drugged, whilst he and Durdles rambled about the Cathedral the night before, Jasper being curious, as Dickens readers will remember, to view from the Cathedral tower the effect of moonlight shining on the monuments; and having secured the key, he had left Durdles in a drugged sleep whilst he entered the Sapsea vault, removed the body of Mrs. Sapsea from her coffin and carried it in a sack to the mound of slacked lime to which Durdles had already called his attention. He then substitutes Edwin's body for hers in the coffin. "Everyone remembers," says Mrs. Newton, "how Jasper in his opium visions says 'I never saw *that* before. What a poor, mean, miserable thing it is.' *That* was Mrs. Sapsea's body."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

The late Mr. Richard Middleton,

whose two posthumous volumes (Fisher Unwin) are reviewed on page 172

But Edwin was only partially strangled. The scarf round his neck loosens; he revives; gets out of the coffin; replaces the lid and staggers from the vault. He knows that Jasper meant to murder him, and thinks of Rosa, and realises what were Jasper's motives. Before dawn he has left Cloisterham behind, and Mrs. Newton's story follows his life in London, takes up the thread of Mr. Tartar's love for Rosa, and of Jasper's resolute pursuit of her. Durdles, on his habitual "tapping" rambles, discovers one day that the coffin of Mrs. Sapsea is empty, and Mr. Sapsea is involved in considerable scandal and disquiet as a consequence, and when the coffin is opened "nothing is in it but a ring-case containing a row of diamonds and rubies—one link in the

chain forging ' and gifted with invincible force to hold and drag.' " Finally, on the eve of discovery, Jasper is forcing his unwelcome attentions on Rosa when she screams, and footsteps are heard approaching. If he cannot keep her alive he will keep her dead, so clasps her and leaps with her into the river. The footsteps were those of Mr. Crisparkle and Mr. Tartar coming to her rescue, but they were too late, and it is Edwin Drood who, from a point lower down the river, jumps in to the rescue and, with the help of two detectives on their way to arrest Jasper, brings Rosa safely ashore. Much has necessarily been omitted from all this, for Mrs. Newton has duly followed the fortunes also of Helena Landless, and has shown us Edwin in disguise serving as clerk to Mr. Grewgious in the stead of Bazzard, who has come into his

Sir G. T. Hutchinson.

dead father's money and given himself wholly over to the writing of tragedies; and she now proceeds to relate Jasper's miserable ending and to draw the chequered love affair of Edwin and Rosa to the right Dickensian conclusion. "I have heard it suggested," says Mrs. Newton, "that Datchery was Helena Landless disguised. I cannot imagine this. . . . I have also heard others say that Datchery was Bazzard. But surely Bazzard was, and must ever remain, a born fool."

There is a series of amusing literary caricatures in Mr. Starr Wood's new Summer Annual entitled "Our Rising Authors," the cleverest of which are, perhaps, the representation or misrepresentation of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. James Barr and Mr. Arnold Bennett.

Mrs. Elizabeth Newton.

Sir George Thompson Hutchinson, who is the second publisher to receive the honour of knighthood in the last three years, is head of the firm of Hutchinson & Co., and managing director of the old-established

Photo by Judith Fletcher, Sydney. **Miss Dorothea Mackellar,**

whose novel (written in collaboration with Miss Ruth Bedford), "The Little Blue Devil" (Alston Rivers) is reviewed on page 180.

Miss Ethel Kidson,
whose successful novel, "Herringfleet," has been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

publishing house of Hurst and Blackett. Sir George served his apprenticeship to Alexander Strahan, a publisher of two or three generations ago whose name is on the first editions of many famous books. The firm of Hutchinson & Co. was founded in 1887, and has long since taken its place among the leading London houses of the trade. Sir George has travelled much, and his work in research has been recognised by a Fellowship of the Royal Geographical Society. Several of the serials issued by his firm such as "The Living Races of Mankind," and "The Living Animals of the World," have been edited by Sir George Hutchinson himself, and have met with remarkable success not only in this country but, in translations, all over Europe.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has completed a sort of companion volume to his "Romance and Reality," which Mr. Grant Richards will publish this month. The book is called "All Manner of Folk," and contains essays on such subjects as "The Self-Sufficient," "Masters of Nonsense," "Concerning Personality," and studies of Synge, Walt Whitman, Max Beerbohm, Richard Jefferies, Edward Carpenter, William Morris, Thoreau, Edgar Allen Poe and H. M. Hyndman. It is illustrated with portraits and caricatures by Joseph Simpson, Gordon Craig, Lovat Fraser, and J. B. Yeats.

The newest of new publishers is Mr. Herbert Jenkins, who was for over ten years manager to Mr. John Lane. Mr. Jenkins has unusual qualifications for success in his enterprise, for he is expert on both the literary and commercial sides of his profession, and moreover is himself an author and a successful author too. His "Life of George Borrow," published last spring by Mr. John Murray, met with unanimous commendation from the critics and is already in its second edition. He has contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*, *Blackwood's*, *The Fortnightly*, *The National*, *The Outlook*, and other magazines and journals, and has done excellent work as a Blake enthusiast, in which capacity he discovered the State Papers relating to the poet's trial for High Treason, and located his long undiscoverable grave in Bunhill Fields Burial Ground. The new firm will be known as Herbert Jenkins, Limited, and associated with Mr. Jenkins are Sir George Chubb, Bart. (Chairman), and Mr. Alex. W. Hill, M.A., son of Dr. Alex Hill, sometime Master of Downing, Chairman of Girton, and President of the National Home Reading Union. We hope it was a good omen that Mr. Jenkins received his first possible client on the afternoon of the very day on which the announcement of his beginning appeared in the papers. An eager gentleman came into his office with a manuscript, mentioned he

Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

had just read an interview with the new publisher in the newspaper, and added "So I rushed round. I'm an American, and I wanted to be in early."

There is a delightful humour and freshness in Mr. E. R. Lipsett's novel, "Didy"; its characters are so carelessly natural and such an air of easy reality pervades it all that one suspects a good deal of it has its roots in personal experience. Mr. Lipsett spent a short time at Heidelburg, but says he took little away from it except pleasant memories of his fellow-students. Then his lot was cast in the South of Ireland where he had to earn his living and, after long striving, secured two journalistic posts which together yielded him a weekly income of less than two pounds. In 1903 he published under another name "Father Clancy," a novel of Irish life; and after working for some time as a free-lance journalist in Dublin went to America in 1907, and was hailed by editors and public as a writer of real character and no mere reporter. But it is not easy to get him to talk about the Americans, though he places it to their credit that they do treat as a brother the stranger within their gates. There is a quaintly whimsical Irish journalist in "Didy," and he goes to America; but the main interest of the book gathers about its masterful but charming heroine, Didy herself, who has gone to America ahead of him, and ahead of another man who is perhaps more important to the story.

Mr. E. R. Lipsett.
Author of 'Didy" (Duckworth).

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

MISS BRADDON: THE WRITER AND HER WORK.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

MISS MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON (known in private life as Mrs. John Maxwell) is a Londoner by birth, and comes of an old Cornish family, one member of which sat for Parliament in the reign of Elizabeth; another—Lawrance Braddon—distinguished himself in the reign of Charles II., very much, unfortunately, to the detriment of his relatives and successors, by becoming involved in one of the many political intrigues of the time, and in consequence suffering the forfeiture of his estate. But it must be admitted that a study of the history and pedigree of the Braddon family shows that they were chiefly law-abiding, quiet country folk, content to live in comfort and in the respect of their fellows and neighbours on their estates in that far off western portion of England known as the Duchy of Cornwall. It was certainly not until the generation of the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" that any member of the family succeeded in making, or perhaps even sought to make, the name known to the general public; nor does there seem to have been any considerable tendency in the direction of literary pursuits either in the stock from which the young girl who was to win fame as a novelist came or in the environment in which she was brought up, although, it is true, her mother was an unusually cultivated woman, possessed of a fine critical taste, and able to express her views in articles, contributed to the magazines and periodicals of the day, and in essays. Her father was a writer also, but almost entirely upon sporting subjects to which he was devoted, and her cousin, John Delaine, the famous editor of *The Times*, was as powerful an influence in his age with his pen as he was in his autocratic rule of the "Thunderer." Miss Braddon's only brother, Sir Edward Coventry Braddon, might possibly have attained to some distinction in the world of letters had not the realm of action claimed him for its own. He had a successful career in India, settled in Tasmania, was Premier of the colony during two governments, and afterwards represented it in England for some years in the capacity of Agent-General. During a long and busy life he published a couple of books which at least serve to show that he was not without some literary gifts.

A fresh novel by Miss Braddon is still looked forward to with deep interest, not only by those who have read her books with pleasure since she first began to weave the long series of fascinating works of fiction that appear in "Who's Who" and publishers' catalogues under her name, but by those whose memory of her work may only go back a comparatively few years. But it is difficult, nevertheless, for the present generation of novel readers to appreciate the sway that this most popular of all mid-Victorian novelists held over her public for many years from the date of the publication of "Lady Audley's Secret," more than fifty years ago.

By many critics Miss Braddon, in common with the late Wilkie Collins, is held to have founded a more or less distinct school of sensational fiction. By the use of the word "sensational" we do not, however, intend to imply that the sensationalism of the veteran writer under notice, and that of her equally well-known *confrère*, the late Wilkie Collins, has anything in common with the sensational rubbish which now pours from the printing press almost every day throughout the year.

M. E. Braddon

From a photograph taken about twenty years ago, and now first published.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Miss Braddon revived the mysterious and sensational element in fiction which had its origin in "The Castle of Otranto" and other similar works. But, be this as it may, whether as a founder or as a reviver of a school, Miss Braddon has for a period of nearly fifty years held a place in English fiction to which no other writer has succeeded in attaining.

There is a somewhat trite and familiar saying, "a poet is born not made." And so far as Miss Braddon is concerned we need only substitute the word "novelist" for "poet" to produce an axiom which in her case was undoubtedly correct.

In a recent conversation with her she told us that although her memory is still wonderfully fresh, notwithstanding her seventy-four years, she could not now recall the time when she was not writing. Almost as a child in the nursery she began to write fiction; and when in short frocks at school she used to astonish her schoolfellows by the energy and completeness with which she covered all the sheets of her copy-books, not always, be it remarked, with the moral maxims with which they were headed, but far oftener, indeed, with the beginnings of hair-raising and exciting romances to which her vivid imagination gave birth. Long before she was out of her teens she had essayed, she told us, "nearly every kind of original composition, novels, plays, poems, and history." But she confesses that during this early and experimental period of her apprenticeship to literature she found that it was much more easy to commence a good story than to finish it; and although in note-books and on odd scraps of paper there still remain in her possession a multitude of ideas, plots, studies, and notes for stories, a good deal of this material has never been, and probably never will be, used.

The front of Lichfield House, Miss Braddon's home at Richmond.

Like many another writer destined to become distinguished by a world-wide fame, Miss Braddon's first joy of seeing herself in print was given her by the editor of a local paper, and it was in the *Beverley Recorder*, then recently founded and we are pleased to note still existing, that her first published effort appeared. To her great delight a little song, in the measure of the seventeenth century, was accepted, and printed in what is commonly known as "The Poet's Corner." Two of the verses run:—

"All joys on earth have we,
All fears on earth we see,
All cares on earth there be
But never rest.

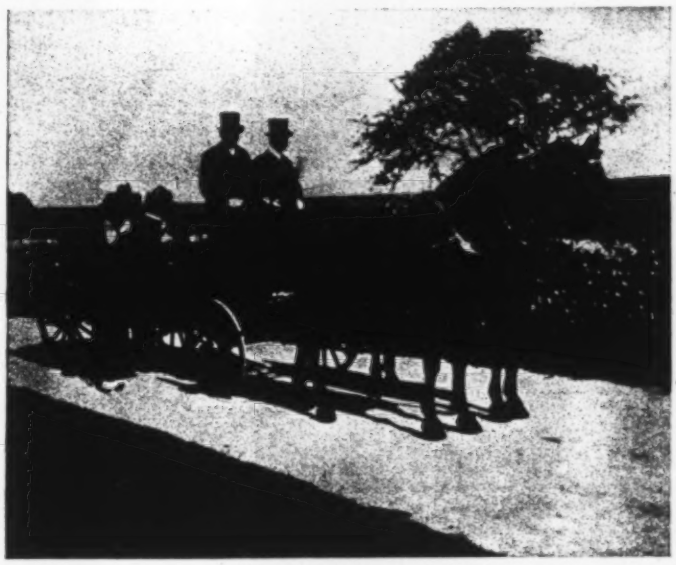
"Youth comes, the all-believing,
Hope comes, the all-deceiving,
Death comes, sad hearts bereaving
Yet comes not rest."

In this we catch an echo of the pessimism supposed to be the bane of all young poets, but which happily for her readers' enjoyment did not develop with the years nor find a place in the fascinating stories which the young writer was afterwards destined to weave for the delight of so many readers.

Lichfield House. View of the drawing-room through the small sitting-room, in the latter of which are some fine china and interesting pictures.

This little poem in the local paper was very soon afterwards followed by Miss Braddon's first book, a volume of poems entitled "Garibaldi," now, we fancy, forgotten, and certainly long out of print, although at the time of its appearance the poems received many favourable Press notices.

How Miss Braddon became a novelist and not a poet will be of undoubted interest to many readers. It happened in this way. An enterprising Yorkshire printer, getting into touch with her, offered a commission to write a serial story, which in her girlish eyes appeared indeed a dazzling prospect. For she was not only to appear week by week as an authoress, but was to be paid for her story. We fancy that many less enterprising and daring young writers would have been choked off from the enterprise



Miss Braddon and Mr. W. B. Maxwell.
From a photograph taken at Battle, September, 1911.

by the demands of the contract, which stipulated, amongst other things, that she should write a serial novel "combining the humour of Dickens with the plot and construction of G. P. R. Reynolds," who just then was one of the most popular and frankly sensational novelists of the time. For the accomplishment of this, we should imagine somewhat difficult task, the said printer was to pay the said author the magnificent sum of £10!

Miss Braddon, who must truly have had "ink in her veins" and an astonishing amount of courage in her heart, immediately set to work upon her task, and in the course of a very short time produced the first few instalments of a story called "Three Times Dead," a title which could not possibly fail, we should think, to arouse the interest of the reading public of that day. All was not, however, smooth sailing for our coming novelist. Unfortunately, the whole enterprise collapsed, the printer went into bankruptcy, and the promise of £10 which had lured the future novelist away from poetry into prose never materialized. "Three Times Dead" ceased running after a few instalments, and for many years was not re-issued, although it ultimately appeared in a cheap edition under the new title of "The Trail of the Serpent."

Miss Braddon's initial experience of novel writing was curiously enough almost repeated by the fate which befel her second and much more famous story, "Lady Audley's Secret," first published in 1862. Written when quite a young girl, this story, which may almost be said to have founded a school of English fiction, and is not only world famous but probably Miss Braddon's best selling book after a period of so many years since its first publication, commenced to run in a periodical called "Robin Goodfellow." This unfortunately came to an end after the twelfth number, and the story, Miss Braddon told us, would probably have remained in its fragmentary stage and never have been completed but for a very warmly appreciative letter she received from J. B. Buckstone, a brilliant actor and play writer in the early sixties of the last century, who wrote saying how greatly he had been impressed by the story, and how deeply he regretted its interruption. Buckstone entreated the author to finish the novel, which he said he considered to be of striking interest and admirably suited for stage purposes. This welcome approval from so competent a critic naturally fired the young writer's ambition, and she took up the thread of the story once more. It was continued in another magazine, and whilst running there attracted the notice of the Brothers Tinsley, a recently founded and very enterprising firm of publishers, who, keenly on the look-out to secure new and powerful writers, made Miss Braddon a proposal to publish it, in the three volume form then popular, at the earliest possible date. The offer was accepted, and the final volume was written at high speed against time in order that the book might be printed and published before its conclusion in serial form.

On the day after publication Miss Braddon received a visit from the late Lionel Brough. At this period Mr. Brough, not yet an actor, was interested in the firm of Tinsleys, representing the literary or intellectual element, while the brothers Tinsley supplied the business acumen; and he had come to call upon the young authoress to convey the pleasant intelligence that within twenty-four hours of publication "Lady Audley's Secret" had proved a startling success. A week afterwards all the world and his wife were reading or talking about the book; and edition after edition was called for in such rapid succession that it was impossible to print and bind fast enough to satisfy the unprecedented demand.

Miss Braddon's writing desk.

It is very difficult, of course, accurately to standardize the measure of a book's fame, because standards are always varying, and it is quite possible that nowadays no novel could create quite such a sensation in the widely extended world of readers of fiction that "Lady Audley's Secret" did fifty years ago. But when one comes to apply the test of continued popularity one may very fairly claim for it that "Lady Audley's Secret" is one of those books, comparatively few in number, which have earned a prominent place in English literature.

From the time of its first issue down to the present day it has passed through countless editions, so many, indeed, that I doubt if anyone has ever troubled to count them. Certainly Miss Braddon has never done so. And, of course, the numbers of pirated editions sold in America swell the huge total of known and authorized editions of the book. It can be obtained in all forms and at all prices, and the present generation seem to read it with almost as great pleasure as did their fathers, and even grandfathers, before them.

A portion of the back of Lichfield House, which is practically hidden and shaded by fine horse-chestnut trees.

"Lady Audley's Secret" was, not unnaturally—for Miss Braddon always was a rapid and tireless worker—followed in quick succession by "Henry Dunbar," "Eleanor's Victory," and "Aurora Floyd." In each case the authoress had the pleasure of knowing that her hold upon her immense public was being strengthened as well as maintained.

A very interesting tribute as to the popularity, not alone of "Lady Audley's Secret," but of other of Miss Braddon's works, comes from that great stylist and brilliant writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, who in a hitherto unpublished letter to Miss Braddon from his Samoan home at Vailima, writes: "I remember reading 'Lady Audley's Secret' when I was fifteen, and I wish my days to be bound each to each by Miss Braddon's novels. Apparently I am not alone in this opinion. I have been over by far the greater part of the Pacific. When a ship comes in the local trader or traders are always on the look out for new novels. In a small way the schooner plays the part of a circulating library. But there is one book, I am sorry to be obliged to inform you, which is a mere drug in the market in the Pacific. 'Oh no, I have that already,' is the cry—and the book is 'Aurora Floyd.' After all, it is something to be out and away greater and more popular than Scott, Shakespeare, Homer, in the South Seas, and to that you have attained."

Astounding as the fact may seem when one remembers that nearly all Miss Braddon's novels are upon what a publisher once described as "generous" lines, that is to say of considerably above the average length, she has published more than seventy others since "Aurora Floyd" first saw the light. And even criticism of that somewhat supercilious type which once dealt rather severely with her work has at length nothing but praise for it. Truly Miss Braddon can be said to be an instance of an author who, although attaining a great vogue in a remarkably short time, not only has held her position but also has never stood still. She has certainly never become egotistical or self-satisfied, nor has she ever

The Old Georgian Orangery at the end of the Long Walk, Lichfield House.

ceased to strive, not only to do the best that is in her, but in a new book to excel the last.

A well-known critic says of her last novel, "The Green Curtain": "It is so fresh and strong that it is almost impossible to believe that it is not written by the hand of youth; but, of course, of a youth singularly gifted in its grip of craftsmanship, and with a perfection of style. Indeed, it is only in these things that one can detect the practised hand trained by long years of toil."

There are many readers who have more than a moderate acquaintance with her numerous other works who have declared that this last book of hers is equal to those written during the period which human judgment ascribes to the prime of life. Should Miss Braddon not publish another novel, which those who know her and have loved her work sincerely trust will not be the case, this last book will remain a splendid finish and a final indication of the great gifts as a weaver of stories, coupled with indomitable industry and perseverance, with which she has been endowed. But happily there is no reason for fearing that "The Green Curtain" will be the last. The veteran novelist, our readers will learn with delight, is in excellent health, and is at present engaged upon two new books. She is for the moment undecided which she will complete first!

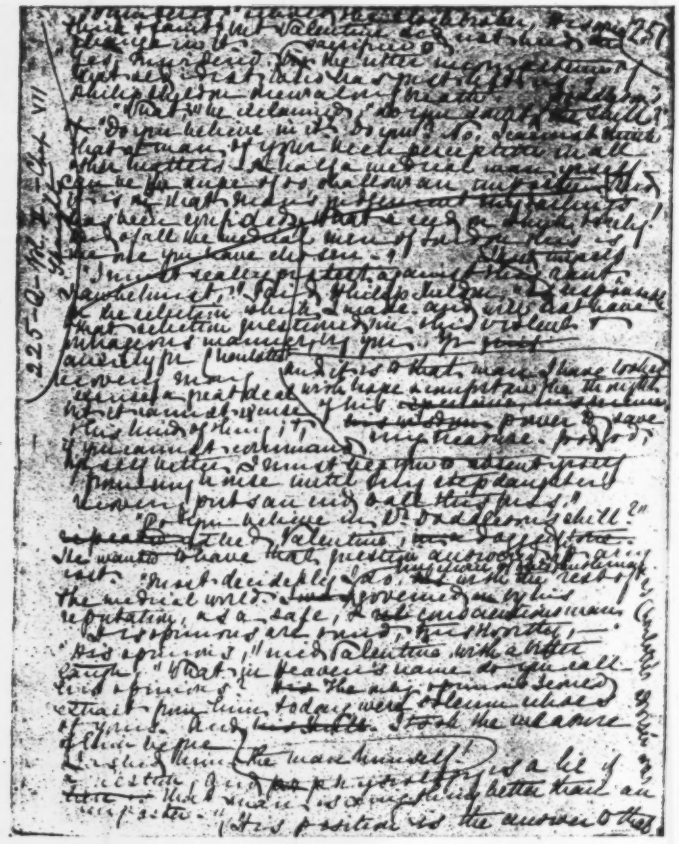
Photo by Arbus & Bernardi. **Mr. W. B. Maxwell.**
The son of Mrs. John Maxwell (Miss Braddon).

Miss Braddon has, we think—with "Who's Who" and what we fancy is a fairly complete list of her books before us—been unusually successful in the choice of her titles. She has almost without exception selected some striking sequence of words where she has not contented herself merely with calling the book after one of its characters. What better titles, indeed, could you have than "Birds of Prey," "Run to Earth," "Dead Sea Fruit," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Hostages to Fortune," "Dead Men's Shoes," "The Cloven Foot," "Phantom Fortune," "The Day Will Come," "Thou Art the Man!" "Rough Justice," "The Rose of Life," "During Her Majesty's Pleasure," and "Beyond These Voices"? All of them indicate a faculty for selecting the right word, which is more than half the battle in fixing upon a title for a novel, or indeed any other book.

In response to a question as to how she manages to invent her plots, which form so important a factor in the success of her books, Miss Braddon said: "It is in those brooding hours, described by Tyndall when 'Thought sits waiting and Fancy holds the door,' that the plots of my stories build themselves most readily. When the plot of my tale has been decided, I carry it about with me, in the shape of portable mental luggage, for a long time. Adding to it, shaping it, rounding it off, improving it, and reconsidering it as opportunity occurs. Then comes the pen and paper stage—note-making and so on—and then it is time seriously to tackle the task and write the book itself, which I always do with my own hand. I have no preferences where I write and no particular time for writing."

Unlike many literary celebrities of the late Victorian period and present day, Miss Braddon has no love for publicity. Indeed, she has a perfect horror of being lionized, and when in former years passing considerable periods of time, as she did, on the Continent, at fashionable resorts and in the large hotels, the discovery of who she was almost invariably led to a burning desire on her part to flee the place forthwith. She has for the same reason never consented to the publication of her photograph, although this decision on her part has, we know from personal experience, been a matter for great regret upon the part of many thousands of her readers, who are constantly writing to well-known photographers in the hope that they may have "taken" Miss Braddon, and have copies for sale; as well as applying to the authoress herself for autograph portraits. We were therefore fortunate in being able to persuade her to grant permission for the publication of the excellent photo, which was taken about twenty years ago.

In addition to the astonishing industry and mental energy which has produced upwards of seventy long novels—as a matter of fact there are some seventy-three, still in constant demand and in print at the present time, selling in every sort of edition and in all countries of the English-speaking race—Miss Braddon has written many stories, which were published as serials anonymously, and not a few verses and essays in newspapers, including contributions to "Punch" during the period it was edited by her old friend the late Sir Francis Burnand, and to "The World" while it was under the control of another old and valued friend, the late Edmund Yates. She has also written several dramas, comedies, and a blank verse play. One of them, "The Missing Witness," a melodrama played very successfully in the English provinces and the United States, is probably well known to many older readers. She is also the anonymous author of quite a number of the farces which were popular in the sixties and seventies of the last century. The serial story which she wrote in French for the Paris "Figaro" some years ago has, we believe, never been translated or re-published in English. All the work we have mentioned



Reduced facsimile of MS. page of one of Miss Braddon's earlier novels. She has always written her books on large sheets of paper and with her own hand.

would prove a more than full record for most human beings. But, in addition to this, Miss Braddon has yet during her busy life found time to edit several magazines, to write the greater part of those extremely popular Christmas numbers or "Annuals" known as "The Mistletoe Bough," published in the eighties and nineties, and to advise about and re-write the work of many other people.

We have dealt fairly fully in the foregoing pages with Miss Braddon's work. Now let us try to give our readers an impression at least of the authoress herself. Nowadays those who are fortunate enough to be friends or acquaintances of Miss Braddon can generally find her in her beautiful home, Lichfield House, Richmond-on-Thames. And it was here we again visited her only a few days before this article was completed. Let us say at once that Lichfield House is a delightful and a "truly fit and proper" home for the distinguished novelist, who occupies it with her son, the well-known writer of "Vivien," "The Guarded Flame," "In Cotton Wool," and other notable books. It is a charming, old and spacious Georgian house, retired but a little distance from the road in which it stands, but rich in the possession of a wide-spreading garden, an orchard just big enough to hold half-a-score of apple trees, an ancient quince, and with its turf carpeted in due season by a multitude of narcissi, crocuses, and hyacinths. While at the end of the broad gravel walk, and long greens which suggest the old-fashioned game of bowls, stands a Georgian orangery. This walk, which stretches from the bottom of the grassy slope at the back of the house, is so long as to be almost unique in gardens so near London. The house itself has many historical associations. It was formerly the residence of the Bishops of Lichfield, and by one of those strange chances was also at one time that of the famous opera soprano, Catalani.

When one has strolled in Miss Braddon's garden, at this time of year gay with the colour and sweet with the perfume of many roses and other flowers, and picturesque by reason of its fine horse-chestnuts and shrubs, many of the latter of which the growth of age has turned into almost the size of small trees, one can well realize that one of her chief recreations and pleasures is gardening. Who, indeed, would not be fond of pretending to work as an amateur gardener in an old-fashioned, sweet place like this?

The Lawn and Orchard.

Of her dwelling itself what need one say more than that it forms a fitting environment for its owner, whose charming welcome, old-world courtesy, and delightful conversation leave upon a visitor's mind a deep impression and a fragrant memory. There are many pictures in the house, because both Miss Braddon and her novelist son have the same delight in beautiful things as had the late John Maxwell, her husband, who

was for many years also her publisher. Of books there are plenty, as one would naturally expect, covering a wide field marked by a catholicity of taste which Miss Braddon's weight of years has neither dulled nor restricted. Silver, porcelain, *bibelots* long in the possession of the Braddon or Maxwell families or acquired on one or other of the many Continental journeys in which Miss Braddon formerly delighted; delicate miniatures, and beautiful china, placing a veritable temptation to crime in the way of connoisseurs and collectors, are found in the spacious Georgian drawing-room.

Regarding the other rooms, perhaps the smoking-room is to those who are fond of books the most interesting. For here, in a beautiful old bureau, are stored many of the original MSS. of Miss Braddon's novels, bound in crimson leather.

On the first floor is situated the authoress' own study (and favourite "den"), the walls of which are surrounded by bookcases from floor to ceiling, and every table, and let us add most of the chairs, are encumbered by books and papers, giving a homely touch to the room, where comfort and not pretension reigns.

Miss Braddon has been happy indeed in her homes. Annesley Bank, near Lyndhurst, Hampshire, which was at one time her country house, was given up by her some few years ago with great regret, because she recognized that she was not any longer able to ride and hunt as she had constantly done since a girl, and that it was unlikely she would be able to spend very much time in the New Forest district, beautiful descriptions of which appear in several of her novels, notably "Asphodel" and "Vixen." In the old house at Richmond, where more than half of her life has been spent, and where of late years she has produced the novels that have been so constant a source of pleasure to the great reading public throughout the world, she now chiefly lives; except for occasional absences at Bexhill-on-Sea or Brighton, which are both favourite places of resort with her, owing to their life, brightness, and bracing air.

Miss Braddon, notwithstanding the enormous amount of her literary output, which, as we have stated already, commenced when she was quite a young girl and is still continuing, has been a great reader. She has always endeavoured to keep herself abreast of the progressive thought of the time, and though she puts down as her favourite recreations gardening, travelling, and music, reading still claims a great portion of her spare time.

Concerning this love of reading, Miss Braddon said to us, with a smile: "I can quite truthfully say that from the time I was able to read a story without having to whisper the words as I read them books have been my chief delight. To my mother, indeed, I owe my introduction at a very early age to the great world of imaginative literature. She was a woman possessed of a cultivated mind, a keen wit, and a natural taste for what was best in the literature of the time, as well as being a devoted student of Shakespeare and Scott. One of my earliest and still vivid recollections of literary things is the talk I used to hear in my cousin's, John Delaine's, drawing-room concerning a publication in a yellow paper cover which was the latest number of a new novel by a new writer who was exciting a great deal of attention at the time. That book was Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' and by the time 'Pendennis' appeared I was able to share my mother's enthusiasm for his keen, fresh humour, which, much as our natural bent made us appreciate it, we never praised to the depreciation of my first favourite, his great contemporary, Charles Dickens."

The Scene of "Lady Audley's Secret."

A sketch by Herbert Jennings from the original painting by S Duncan.

But although acquainted with most of the English writers of her own time—a reading period now extending well over sixty years—Miss Braddon says: "I have read a good deal of French, and it was my old friend, George Augustus Sala, a man of wide cultivation and a splendid critic, who introduced me, as it were, to French literature. He first got me to read Honoré de Balzac, of whose books ever since that time I have been a close and delighted student. I have read most of Dumas' historical novels, chiefly for recreation, but I have been often astonished to discover how much more accurate he really is in his treatment of French history than English readers usually credit him with. Of course, as is only natural, when he crosses the Channel his historical blunders are neither few nor insignificant. But this may also be said of most modern French writers, and of English ones when dealing with French historical subjects, though perhaps not to quite so great an extent. "Of course," Miss Braddon continued, "I delighted in the work of Flaubert, Alphonse Daudet, and Guy de Maupassant. Who did not do so? But since their death I have found German, Italian, and Spanish novels more attractive than contemporary French fiction, although I have read occasionally a novel by the younger Daudet, and always with great interest those of Marcelle Tinayre, Eduard Rod, and Claude Farrère. I have also read most of Zola's books at one time or another; and although, of course, I admit that they are disfigured by many faults of taste from an English point of view, I must at the same time confess that I have found them intensely interesting and have always recognized the great power behind his pen. Except for the splendid work of Tolstoy, I cannot pretend to be an ardent admirer of the Russian school of fiction."

A corner of the book-lined study in which Miss Braddon works. The window overlooks the beautiful garden.

In criticisms of several very famous contemporary writers whose books are boomed both by themselves and by their publishers in the most ingenious fashion, Miss Braddon showed a generosity which is not always discoverable in the estimates made by one novelist of the work of other writers of fiction. But throughout the pleasant talks we have from time to time enjoyed with the veteran author nothing, indeed, was more noticeable than her great generosity in appreciating good work, whether in music, art, or literature; of all three of which departments of human activity she seemed to have a wide, up-to-date, and sympathetic knowledge.

Her son, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, and his charming wife live with her at Lichfield House, and in her affection for her grandchildren one obtains an insight into the great love she has for children generally, and, indeed, for all other more or less helpless things.

"I delight in children," she said to us. "They keep one young long past the time when one might reasonably expect to be feeling old." And a pleasant smile lighted up her face as she spoke. "Is not to watch the young mind open and develop one of the most fascinating studies for anyone conceivable? I have always had a great affection for children and animals."

This love of animals, it will be remembered by many readers, was also a distinguishing characteristic of Ouida, one of Miss Braddon's contemporaries, who died but a year or two ago.

With regard to modern English fiction Miss Braddon had much to say that was both interesting and illuminative, although there is not space to touch upon this subject in the present article. But her admiration for the great Wessex novelist, Thomas Hardy, we must mention. "I have a great admiration for the genius of Thomas Hardy," said Miss Braddon. "I have had the pleasure of meeting him on several occasions, and I have read his books again and again. 'Far From the Madding Crowd' is one of my favourites, and I admire immensely 'Tess,' too, although with many another reader I deeply regret the tragic end of that splendid creature. I can, of course, see the greatness of 'Jude the Obscure' as a profound study of human nature and development, but it is all the more painful to read this study of melancholy lives because the author has made them real by his great power, and intensity of purpose. To my mind, both 'Tess' and 'Jude' are heart-breaking books."

With regard to the advice Miss Braddon would give to young authors—and who, indeed, is in a position to give it better?—we have only room for a short synopsis. She said: "If I had any advice to give to young writers it would be, 'Wait till some incident in real life suggests the subject of a story, and when you have let it grow and shape itself in your mind tell your story, and tell it in the best language and in the simplest manner possible. Indeed, I do not know that I could give better advice if I were to talk for quite a long while."

Of Miss Braddon's favourites amongst her own books we have gathered during our chats with her on literary topics, that they are "Lady Audley's Secret," "Asphodel," "Vixen," and the historical romances, "London Pride," "Mohawks," and "The Infidel."

"But," said Miss Braddon, "the fact of it is, I am interested in every new book that I write, and it is as difficult to mention favourites amongst literary, as it is unwise to do amongst human, children."

It is not to be wondered at that in the long and full life Miss Braddon has lived she has met many interesting and celebrated people. Concerning these and her circle of friends and acquaintances during the last fifty years, which has included many distinguished in art, letters, science, and music, Miss Braddon said, amongst other things:

"I several times met Robert Browning, by whose personality I was always greatly charmed; and I have been a devoted reader of his poetry, more devoted perhaps after his death than I was during his life. Tennyson, unfortunately, I never met. I should have indeed liked to do so, for I have loved him from the day I read 'The Idylls of the King,' when the little green cloth volume was first published, and when I was young enough to fall in love with Lancelot and weep over the wasted love of Elaine."

In her reminiscences of friends who have gone, Miss Braddon spoke of Charles Reade as "one of the kindest of men, with a heart open as the day to melting charity, stopping at no effort to help the wronged and the oppressed. A delightful companion and ever at his best in conversation where his hearers were fit and few."

Her great contemporary, Wilkie Collins, who passed away now many years ago, she knew quite well. But she never met either Dickens or Thackeray, and has many regrets that she did not do so, as they may be very truly called her literary heroes.

* * * * *

When one has left Lichfield House after a talk with its gracious owner, one is tempted always to ask oneself "what is the general impression left upon one's mind by the personality of a writer whose fame is truly world-wide, and whose charm of manner takes one back into the days when culture was not a garment but rather an evidence of a sweet soul and a well-stored mind?" Let us in conclusion of this article try to epitomise our impressions. First there comes to one's recollection undoubtedly the picture of a charming old lady, with nearly white hair, dressed quietly and with the taste which bespeaks the artistic mind and the means to clothe oneself as one would and should be clothed. Secondly there remains the echo of a gentle voice, with patches of brighter tones in it as some topic of more than usual interest comes up, and engages her attention. Further, there is the underlying feeling that the environment in which Miss Braddon lives is just that which she herself could wish. And lastly there is the abiding and delightful memory of intercourse with one who has known the best of many years, whose interest in the world and its happenings is not even yet flagging, and who is still capable of enjoying the sunshine and meeting the shadows of life with a brave, undismayed, and gracious heart.

ROBERTSON SMITH.*

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR JAMES DENNEY, D.D.

ROBERTSON SMITH has been fortunate in his biographers. He was above all things, they tell us, a man of many friends; and their record of his life, while it has the candid and objective character which he himself would have approved, is marked by affectionate loyalty to his memory. The most interesting parts of it are the beginning and the end—the three-and-twenty years of his home and university life, and the thirteen years which followed his deposition from the Aberdeen Chair. In both the interest is painful, almost tragic. Smith was never at school, and though his home life had joys of its own, its intensity, austerity, and concentration on study, which, when he passed to the university was intensified by an unhealthy ambition, itself fostered from home, was not the life for a delicate child. He distinguished himself in all the ordinary studies, but mainly in those which require accurate knowledge; and when we hear of his assisting the Professor of Physics in Edinburgh and applying for the Chair of Mathematics in Glasgow, we are reminded of another great Orientalist, Renan, who regretted that he had given his life to the petty historical sciences instead of following his early bent and natural gift for the great sciences of nature. Smith became a minister, but never had a charge. At twenty-four he was Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College in Aberdeen, and about 250 pages of the biography are devoted to the 'case' which was carried on while he filled this post. As a narrative this can never be superseded; it is accurate, supported by references, and intelligible at every point. It is, perhaps, as impartial as any narrative could be of a case in which the narrator had taken a side at the time. There must always be tension between ideas and institutions, because ideas can put up with anything but inconsistency, while institutions must provide for ideas which more or less hold each other in check. They must embody truth and give it free play, yet they represent education also, which means that there is a right and a wrong way of initiating the mind into truth, and even that all the truth is not yet to be told to everyone. The Smith case was a classical instance of the collision of these interests, and it is too much to expect that men temperamentally different will ever exactly agree about the actors in it. Some of those whose names and doings are registered here might well have been forgotten. If there were venerable obscurantists on one side, there were complacent prigs on the other, and there is always Pharisaism on both. The main interest centres round Smith and Rainy, but the ethical questions it raises are not

* "The Life of William Robertson Smith." By John Sutherland Black and George Chrystal. (15s. net.) "Lectures and Essays of William Robertson Smith." By John Sutherland Black and George Chrystal. 10s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

settled when we say that Smith was fighting for the truth. One may be on Smith's side, yet feel it quite impossible to say that Rainy was fighting against the truth. In his own view he was fighting for the truth and for something else—the unity and the peace of the Church. The one really objectionable expression in the biography is that which the authors use in describing the effect, for Rainy and his supporters, of their failure when they first tried to get rid of Smith by administrative process: "they had sold their birthright and had been cheated out of the mess of pottage." There was no "mess of pottage" in question, and such language would be injurious as well as insulting if it were not inept. It is quite clear that the whole business took Rainy by surprise and that he had no control of the movements in the Church. He was in no sense the protagonist on one side as Smith was on the other: if we are to use the language of the ancient stage, he interposed rather as a *deus ex machina* to cut a knot that he did not know how to untie and to save the real protagonists from destroying the Church between them. The volume of Essays and Lectures which accompanies the biography is a valuable supplement, enabling us to appreciate the religious and theological views of Smith during his Aberdeen years. In criticism he was at first mainly influenced by Ewald; in theology, while he was always in contact with the Reformation at first hand, he was influenced especially by Rothe and Ritschl. Perhaps lectures a generation old should hardly be published unless there is something very original in them; new as they were to Scotland at the time, the various studies of the doctrine of Scripture here accumulated are not essentially new, and the style is heavy and even verbose. It is rather astonishing to hear Smith speak of "clearness" as the characteristic of Ritschl's lectures; one would rather say that the incurable opaqueness of Ritschl's writings has in some of these papers infected so clear and trenchant a mind as Smith himself. With his removal to Cambridge came "the final and most brilliant phase"

Professor William Robertson Smith.

From a posthumous portrait by Sir George Reid, R.S.A., now in the Free Church College, Aberdeen.

From "The Life of William Robertson Smith," by John Sutherland Black and George Chrystal. (A. & C. Black).

of Smith's life. It was here he wrote his "Burnett Lectures," and became one of the founders of the new science of comparative religion. His biographers seem to be astonished that he found it possible to write "The Religion of the Semites" and at the same time to hold to his old orthodox idea of the uniqueness of the Old Testament as the record of a divine revelation. To the present writer it does not seem incredible. Smith's view of the Old Testament was to him self-evident, and so it is to all who share it. If a man says there is anything in the world like the Old Testament for religious power and value, let him produce it. Smith was surely entitled to say that it had not yet been produced. The last years of his life, with their incredible intellectual achievements, are ennobled by the suffering under which all his work had now to be done. He once met Mark Pattison, and did not like him, but only the historian of Scaliger and Casaubon and Huet could have done justice to a scholarship like his. He knew everything, one is inclined to say, that could be learned by assault or by application; his range of exact knowledge would seem fabulous if it were not so well attested. His legend grew up about him in his lifetime, but it was not more wonderful than the truth. What his biographers leave obscure is whether there was an inner side to his mind—whether he had learned the things which do not come by application or assault but by absorption, and which are only given through time and patience. He conquered friends as he conquered knowledge, but though his conversational powers are celebrated, no memorable word of his conversation is preserved, no aphorism with the flavour of experience or personality in it. He could have lectured to Beethoven on the structure and function of every instrument in the orchestra, and if he had met him he would probably have done so; but what this book does not tell us is whether he had any music in his soul. In any case he was one of the most vivid and amazing persons of his time, and well merited this fine memorial.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original rondeau.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best comment in four or six lines of verse on Dr. Johnson's dictum that "no one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money."

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—We anticipated a large response to this offer of a PRIZE for the best original sonnet, but nothing so large as it has met with. Among the numerous papers sent in are several poor sonnets, a few that are not sonnets at all, and quite a considerable number that are very good. After careful consideration we have decided to divide the prize and award HALF A GUINEA to Miss D. M. KIRMODE, of 118, Balham Park Road, S.W., and HALF A GUINEA to Mr. ROGER QUIN, *care of* Mr. A. Shearer, of 202, Gallowgate, Glasgow, for the following:

COMMERCE.

I saw the heavens full of whirling wheels,
And day as foul as night, and night grown red
With worse than sunset light—the sullen dread
Of ceaseless fires that drove gigantic reels
And shafts and bands. And slowly, as one feels
A nightmare fear, my shrinking eyes were led
Past this huge terror, to the black bent head
And body of man, who prays to it and kneels.

And yet I knew (as one knows heaven *must* be),
That somewhere there were stars and birds and trees,
Moonlight and dawn, and fragrance in each breeze,
And circling all the sea's fierce chastity.
I knelt—I too—and prayed in that foul night:
"O God! give back to this blind fool, his sight."

D. M. KIRMODE.

TO A SKYLARK—
SINGING ABOVE BARNHILL POORHOUSE, GLASGOW.
(BY AN INMATE.)

What blast of Fate, melodious mocker, say,
Has blown thee *here*—in airy spendthrift glee,
Wasting thy wealth of liquid ecstasy
On hearts too cold to kindle at thy lay?

Thou sing'st of Hope above Hope's grave. Away!
Flee this dark "Hall of Eblis" through whose aisles
Frail phantoms totter, or, with senile smiles,
Rake the spent ashes of dead yesterday!
Flung from Life's boiling tumult; bruised and sore;
Sick with the shame of what I have become,
My wistful gaze follows thy flight afar:
As some late reveller, when the rout is o'er,
Pauses in his uncertain steps for home,
With blear'd eyes blinking at the morning star.

ROGER QUIN.

Of the many other good sonnets that have been received we print the following:

THE STUDY OF POETRY.

Like that fair statue, kissed to life of old;
At love's first touch transformed to human grace,
So now to-day stands one with pure pale face
'Midst all the clanging din, the greed for gold.
And the crowds, glancing, find her beauty cold.
Yet, as they hurry to the market-place,
The vision haunts them—brings back for a space
Old dreams which now—lost—shattered—they behold.

Only a few perhaps shall pause and stay;
But they, returning, linger day by day;
Hearts that with passionate love are all a-tune.
For them she flushes to a warm new birth,
And, shedding a rose-glamour o'er the earth,
Dwells ever with them making winter June.

(Annie C. Reay, Langley House, Old Dover Road, Canterbury.)

LOVE.

So fondly do I love thee, dear, so great
And mighty is my love, that if God willed
That every seat but *one* in Heav'n were filled
And thou and I stood there before the gate
Kneeling with heads bowed low to learn our fate,
And He the King of Kings should bid us choose
The one to enter in, the other lose
For ever midst the turmoil and the hate
Of Hell, his soul—then, dear, that seat should be
Thine own, and I without one thought of pain
For what I lost through all Eternity
Would never deem my sacrifice in vain
Since it had made thee understand and see
How great my love—without one hope of gain.

(Ada E. Mann, Lorna Fane, 30, East Parade, Rhyl.)

THREEFOLD MYSTERY.

Into the passionate mystery of thy heart
O Rose immaculate, I peer, and sigh;
For who can tell me, Sister, what thou art,
Child of the dread Unknown, whose child am I?
By what perplexed, unhappy ways forlorn
Lost we the while hills of Eternity
What beatific, far, supernal morn
Drenched thy sweet body with auroral dye?

And thou, Consummate Rose of all the year,
Thou, Summer, deathless Queen, who still shalt glow
When o'er my head the guardian grasses blow,
Whisper but one rich word of mystic cheer;
Unveil but once, O Lady, ere I go
What never mortal man may tell nor hear.

(V. Cameron Turnbull, 110, Guilford Street, W.C.)

SERO TE AMARI.

"Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke."—EZEKIEL xxiv. 16.

Too late I knew I loved her, and that she
Was all my eyes desired, and even more.
Things grievous to her heart, that I deplore,
When she was daily by my side to see,
I did and left undone. Had I been kind
I should have mourned her loss, and in a while
Have dried mine eyes, to do so with a smile
Without remorse in every glance behind.
But taken from me by a sudden stroke—
Too late! Too late! became my bitter cry
As all that might have been within me woke
To wring my heart strings; till the day I die
This thought must be the burden of my lot:
I might have made her happy and—did not.

(Thomas Lanfear, 19, Weighton Road, S.E.)

As when one wanders in some hallowed scene,
Afraid to break the silent sanctity
With spoken word, lest there perchance should be
Raised up discordant echoes where had been
Sweet whispering silence: so have I well seen
That it were vain to break the melody
Of our glad friendship, which has meant to me
Far more perhaps than you would have it mean.

And I have kept sweet silence, well content
To love in secret under friendship's guise;
To loiter in the presence of your eyes,
And do your bidding—that were sacrament
Too precious to endanger with a word
Which I might wish unsaid, and you—unheard.

(L. Boothroya, Holmleigh, Batley.)

FOR A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

For all these flowers so fresh and country sweet,
Accept the thanks of one who may not know
Just how the roses round your cottage grow,
Just how your fields are bright with marguerite.
Thanks once again! And now let me entreat
Next time you send but one, one that will show
In its own bloom a garden all ablow,
And raise my spirits from the eternal street.
Yes, come yourself, and bring not only all
The glow and freshness of a countryside;
For being lovely thou wilt bring to me,
Chained to a weary oar unmusical,
A breath of all romance: of Greece defied
And lovers' deeds in days of chivalry.

(George A. C. Mackinlay, 9, Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.)

A PAGAN'S TESTAMENT.

When these tired eyes are closed in that long sleep
Which is the deepest and the last of all,
Shroud not my limbs with purple funeral pall,
Nor mock my rest with vainest prayers, nor weep,
But take my ashes where the sunshine plays
In dewy meadows splashed with gold and white,
And there, when stars peep from black pools at night,
Let the wind scatter them. And on the days
You wander by those meadow pools again,
Think of me as I then shall be, a part
Of earth—naught else. And if you see the red
Of western skies, or feel the clean soft rain,
Or smell the flowers I loved, then let your heart
Beat fast for me, and I shall not be dead.

(Thomas Moult, 23, Salisbury Drive, Sedgley Park, Prestwich, near Manchester.)

EVENING.

(WHITEGATE, CO. CORK, OCTOBER, 1911.)

Still they toil on, fulfilling the day's work,
The ploughman and his tired horses, twain,
While, circling round, the clam'rous seamews lurk,
Or search fresh furrowed earth in greed of gain—
High on the hill the horses rest at last,
And silhouetted 'gainst the evening sky
I see their heads bent low, with mien downcast
Their weary master, silent, standing by.
Afar the distant waters, burnished gold
Gleam in the radiance of the setting sun—
The autumn-tinted vale grows grey and cold,
The toiler's work is o'er, the day is done.
The seamews one by one are taking flight,
I, too, turn home as evening fades to night.

(Hilda Mary Dowden, Rockdale, Orwell Road, Rathgar, Dublin.)

We also specially commend the sonnets (many of which are equal in merit to these eight we have found room to print) sent in by Margaret Critchley (Batley), Florence Bagster (Kendal), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Miss K. Royds (West Hampstead), W. D. Cocker (Glasgow), Ethel M. Cooke (Norwich), Vivien Ford (Clifton), Marion Burd (Llanfair), Lilian Hyde (Wem), Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley Green), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), A. Ernest Smith (Leytonstone), W. G. Priest (Norwich), Mrs. Agnes E. M. Baker (West Hampstead), Mrs. Doris Dean (Bromley), Helen A. Cole (Newtownards), Horace M. Walker (Beeston), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), Mrs. Mackintosh Jowitt (Boscombe), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Frank Fielding (Blackley), Annie Haunton (St. Helens), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), P. H. Morton (Chingford), M. A. Mügge (Waltham Cross), M. A. P. Price (Aston), Julia M. C. Waltenberg (Leeds), Margaret Dickin (Wrexham), Miss C. M. Walkerdine (Birmingham), Violet D. Dean (Bromley), Kate Lee (Harrow), Mrs. Fortescue (Worcester), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. Francis Clifton (West Streatham), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), F. E. Briggs (Crown Hill), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Ellen Beatrice Watts (Penistone), E. N. Overell (Maidenhead), Edmund Howard (Putney), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), Olive Turpin (Southport), Herbert Hodder (Kingston-on-Thames), B. G. Brooks (Wood Green), Edith M. Glaister (Waterford), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), Jean M. G. Alexander (Regent's Park), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), Ernest A. Kerstein (Thornton Heath), "Mayfly" (Yorkshire), Joseph Barrow (Morpeth), Ernest Challenger (Nottingham), Mrs. C. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Ellen J. Clutterbuck (Bromley), Janet Macaulay (Rugby), Theodore Maynard (London, W.), Rev. Archibald J. Ashley (Cannock), Mark Anderson (Menstrie), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), Mrs. A. R. Keighley (New Brighton), Miss W. D. (Manchester), Kenneth Greenwood (Leeds), James Thompson (Aberdeen), Rosa Waugh (Penarth), E. M. Dale (Crouch Hill), Eva Ridley (Hove), Tom Sefton (Bolton), W. Gregory Harris (Taunton), L. M. Burland (Harlesden), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), A. V. Waller (Sunderland), Wilfred Morris (Bodmin), Edith M. Glaister (Waterford), C. M. J. Jones (York), Maude Collett (Cheltenham), G. Heathcote (Orlestone), Doris M. Tuthill (Oldham), A. J. Parkes (Hull), A. G. McDougall (London, S.W.), H. Elrington (Monkstown), G. Pickering (Hull), Margaret Clive Hildyard (St. John's Wood), John I. Leckie (Spennymoor), Miss D. Macaulay (Manchester), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (South Woodford), Mabel A. Molyneux (St. Albans), John W. Shanks (Aberdeen), Miss C. Sharp (Tunbridge Wells), A. Elliott (Willington), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood), Kate Bedford (Brighouse), Mona Garrod Turner (Southwold), W. Tempest (Haswell), Evelyn Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), Mrs. H. Sharland (Bristol), Maud M. Stawell (Shrewsbury), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Miss D. M. E. Gardom (Redhill), John E. Dyson (Redcar), J. W. James (Cardigan), Berwick Sayers (Croydon), Mildred Emerson (Barnard Castle), Frederic Hudd (Bromley), A. W. Robertson (Newcastle), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Mary E. Pearce (Cheltenham), Thomas Hutchinson (Morpeth), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Margaret F. Barron (S. Tottenham), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Max Plowman (Enfield), Miss E. M. Adams (Salop), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), M. J. Porcher (Oxford), C. Eric Staddon (Luton), Margaret Latham (Reigate), J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), Mary G. Gillespie (Denny), Jean Wilson (Chippenham), Frederic Lois (Plaistow), A. G. McDougall (London, S.W.), L. Golding (Manchester), James Mitchell (Edinburgh), Wilfrid G. Axton (Woodchurch), Richard P. McCoy (Gillingham), Ralph Gardner (Harlesden), Harold Howe (Leeds), Beatrice Fielden (London, W.), Kate Hickson (Leicester), Ernest A. Carr (Tonbridge), Stevens (Benyon), A. J. Thompson (Worthing), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Daisy Melling (Wigan), Norman Boothroyd (Batley), Herbert G. Cooper (Glasgow), A. E. Tomlinson (Middlesborough), H. R. King (Streatham), S. H. Skaife (Forest Gate), Albert Morrison (Glasgow), J. Matthews (Guernsey), Edyth S. Beves, Whiteley Lumb (Halifax), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), A. J. Dick (High Wycombe), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), H. Faure (London, N.W.), Mrs. E. H. Marshall (Merton Park), Helga L. S. Ferguson (Usk), Leonard B. Wood (Bowdon), Charles G. Graves (Leamington), Robert White (Edinburgh), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Edward Bradburn (Manchester), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), A. E. Turner (West Kensington), H. M. Cresswell

Payne (St. Austell), Ethel Margaret Odell (Forest Gate), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton), J. Evelyn Ball (Ferndown), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), J. Drummond R. Monfries (Helensburgh), Lawrence Tarr (East Ham), Norman Davidge Gullick (Chulmleigh), G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Julia Wallenberg (Leeds), Miss A. K. Barlow (Blackheath), Eric Taylor Cook (Camden Road, N.W.)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. ERNEST A. CARR, of 12, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, for the following:

THE FAMILY LIVING. By E. H. LACON WATSON. (John Murray.)

"If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."
WORDSWORTH, *We are Seven.*

We also print:

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN. By WILLIAM WATSON. (John Lane.)

"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
ISAAC WATTS, *The Sluggard.*

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Queen's Road, Basingstoke.)

THE COST OF IT. By ELEANOR MORDAUNT. (Heinemann & Co.).

"The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets."
GAY, *The Beggar's Opera.*

(Mrs. A. Morton Smith, Chinwangtao, N. China.)

BLINDS DOWN. By H. A. VACHELL. (Smith, Elder.)

"I was about to notice, had you not Prevented me."
BROWNING, *King Victor and King Charles.*

(Juliette Samson, Floretta, 108, Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, W.)

NO NAME. By WILKIE COLLINS.

"He answered to 'Hi!' or any loud cry."
LEWIS CARROLL, *The Hunting of the Snark.*

(Isabel Butchart, Elliscales, Dalton-in-Furness.)

THE DEPARTMENT STORE. By MARGARETE BÖEME. (Appleton.)

"One mission theirs—to find the stuff;
And all's not much, nor much enough."
ANONYMOUS, *The Setting Sun.*

(George Stanton, 47, Kirkdale Road, South Wigston, Leicester.)

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS. By RHODA BROUGHTON. (Stanley Paul.)

"The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew."
GOLDSMITH, *The Haunch of Venison.*

(Margaret C. Hildyard, 8, Queen's Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.)

III.—Easily first in favour with our caricaturists is G. K. Chesterton; next him in order of popularity come G. Bernard Shaw, J. M. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Rudyard Kipling, A. E. W. Mason, and William de Morgan. We award the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS to Mr. S. COHEN, of The University, Leeds, for his caricature of Mr. Chesterton, which we reproduce on this page. The best of the other caricatures received are those by A. Cameron Shore (Croydon), May Hughes (Banbury), Henry G. Dowling (Portsmouth), Geraldine Payne Gallwey (Thirsk), Tom Sefton (Bolton), A. Bird (Tooting), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), G. Major (Cardiff), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), H. Kelly (Barrow-in-Furness), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford).

G. K. Chesterton.

A caricature drawn by S. Cohen.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

THE NIGHT LAND. By W. HOPE HODGSON. (Eveleigh Nash.)

In these days of so much hastily written literature and of so many questionable novels, this tale is as a pearl of great price. It has been written carefully, but lovingly, and it should be read, not by those in search of an hour's distraction, but by those who are willing to pause often, to think, to marvel and to admire. Sometimes we are reminded of Kipling, and yet often the style more strongly resembles Maurice Hewlett's. In a language surely of his own invention, Mr. Hodgson gives us the most touching, exquisite spirit romance that has ever been written.

Among the best of the other reviews sent in are:

CARNIVAL. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker.)

To review "Carnival" in a few words is as impossible as to confine the sea within the limits of a pool. There is a largeness of scope, a superabundance of detail, a vitality, a richness of vocabulary and phraseology in this story of a London ballet-dancer's life, that defies condensation. The reader follows with unflagging sympathy and interest Jenny's chequered career, from her inauspicious birth in Hagworth Street, Islington, through the vicissitudes of her professional and family life, her love affairs, friendships, and marriage, to her premature death in Cornwall. The whole is a wonderful kaleidoscope of ever-shifting pictures.

(Kate Lee, 52, Butler Road, Harrow.)

THE JUSTICE OF THE DUKE. By RAFAEL SABATINI. (Stanley Paul & Co.).

No one is more conversant with the life of Cæsar Borgia than Mr. Rafael Sabatini. Cæsar Borgia was full of contradictions—ruthless and merciful—swift in action but full of philosophy—cunning in statecraft, yet entirely unconventional in military matters. The various incidents in his life are portrayed with sharpness and accuracy, and the novel is not only thrilling reading but of real historical value. Every chapter has its dramatic incident, but the best of all is the scene where Cæsar wins the love of Guido's daughter, extracts from her her own plans, and then casts her aside.

(D. E. Grant, "Lynton," Lightwoods Hill, Smethwick, Staffs.)

BLINDS DOWN. By H. A. VACHELL. (Smith, Elder.)

"Blinds Down" is typical of the attitude that many of us voluntarily maintain towards the seamy side of life, ignoring the fact that to close one's eyes to conditions is not to nullify those conditions, and also that the voluntary withdrawal of oneself from any section of life is to stultify and weaken the individual. The tragedy contained in the above story ruins the lives and wrecks the happiness of the innocent, as well as of the guilty, and the writer shows in a forcible fashion how irreparable is the harm wrought by so unnatural a mode of existence!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY. By PERCEVAL GIBBON. (Dent.)

Mr. Gibbon has enriched fiction with a great character in Miss Gregory. Few heroines of fifty have power to charm the *blasé* reader of to-day, but this remarkable woman does from first to last. She is a modern Betsy Trotwood, with a taste for exploring out-of-the-way corners of the earth—such as West Africa and Russia. The descriptions of foreign life and manners are perfect, and such as we would expect from one who has been a war correspondent. The book is real literature, and full of interest.

(James A. Richards, 10, Park Road, Tenby, S. Wales.)

JOHN CHRISTOPHER. Translated by GILBERT CANNAN, from the French of ROMAIN ROLLAND. (Heinemann.)

It is morbid, unpleasant, almost dull, yet so clever that it compels one to go on reading it. But as one follows the hero through his hard-fought musical career, and many love affairs, despising his unlovable faults, yet admiring much in a character where the artistic temperament beats its wings against solid German fortitude, one sickens of the unveiled detail, the picture becomes ugly, repellent, although still uncomfortably fascinating, one longs for a smothering dab of sunshine splashed in by an impressionist! The translation should attract attention, so admirably has Mr. Cannan preserved the intensely French spirit of the original.

(Gladys Evelyn Warren, 65, Springfield Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.)

We also highly commend the reviews received from Mary Kingdon (Harlow), Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Leo Delicati (Bristol), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Margy Colman, Alexander McGill (Glasgow), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Geraldine Payne Gallwey (Thirsk), Daisi Melling (Wigan), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), Ernest E. Reynolds (Clapham Common), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), Doris Hudson (Hull), X.Y.Z. (Cambridge), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), M. A. McDermott (Abingdon), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), George Stanton (Leicester), Flora Thompson (Bournemouth), E. V. Overell (Maidenhead), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor), Miss Chamberlain (Llandudno), Norah Strahan (Earl's Court).

THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to the Rev. J. A. S. WILSON, *care of* Mr. HARDY, 41, Sutton Place, Edinburgh.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

(1712–1778.)

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

EVERY year has its own importance in modifying the current of human lives and human destinies; but some years surpass others in conspicuity, notably, it seems to us, the year twelve. In 1612 we lost a popular prince and heir to the throne, whose survival would probably have given our island history a wholly different bent. In the autumn of 1812 began the Moscow campaign. The end of June, 1712, witnessed the birth of J. J. Rousseau. There may be writers in the modern world whose books have had, or are destined to have, more influence than those of Rousseau. Those of Tolstoi, for instance, may come in time to influence more people. Napoleon regarded Rousseau as the most indispensable link in the chain of happenings that led to the Revolution. There are mediæval historians who trace everything in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to the influence of the Crusades. So in the nineteenth century there are evolutionists who see Rousseau behind every bush, colouring every cloud, precipitating every insurrection. Without going so far as this, it seems to be well within the mark to say that among the bookmotors of modern times those known as "La Nouvelle Héloïse," "L'Émile," and "Le Contrat Social," have proved three of the most potent.

In the great century of the Middle Ages (the thirteenth), and again in parts of the seventeenth and eighteenth, France undoubtedly took the lead in human affairs. Its leadership in the thought and letters of the later period was due almost exclusively to two men, neither of them of very exceptional knowledge or powers of thought, but both of them very exceptional writers. They raised the level of literature to a higher power among the arts than it had ever occupied before. Hence their pre-eminent interest to all bookmen.

Of these two men, Voltaire and Rousseau, the second was only half a Frenchman. Five generations of Rousseaus had lived as French settlers by Lake Leman, and there Jean Jacques was born, on June 28th, 1712. His Genevese origin showed itself in his speech and his style, in his Republicanism, in his substratum of religion, originally Protestant, and in his dislike of the grandeur of great states. Voltaire, in one of his English letters, said that Geneva was a frog which puffed itself out to look like an ox. "Elle est le Gilles d'Angleterre." English influence profoundly affected Rousseau's literature, but it had no very immediate effect upon his life. He was born, he tells us, "infirme et malade. Je coûtai la vie à ma mère, et ma naissance fut le premier de mes malheurs." His father was one of those illusive and unstable sentimentalists which the pen of a Meredith would be required adequately to depict. A long family accumulation of credit for industry, integrity and solvency was by him apparently dissipated. This best of fathers, as he is described, had the dislike of encumbrance peculiar to men of his type, and practically deserted his son, who was apprenticed by an uncle to a brutally coarse and direct engraver in Geneva. Fear of punishment led him to abscond from his native city at fifteen, after which for several years he led a half-roguish, half-innocent rambling existence of the Gil Blas variety.

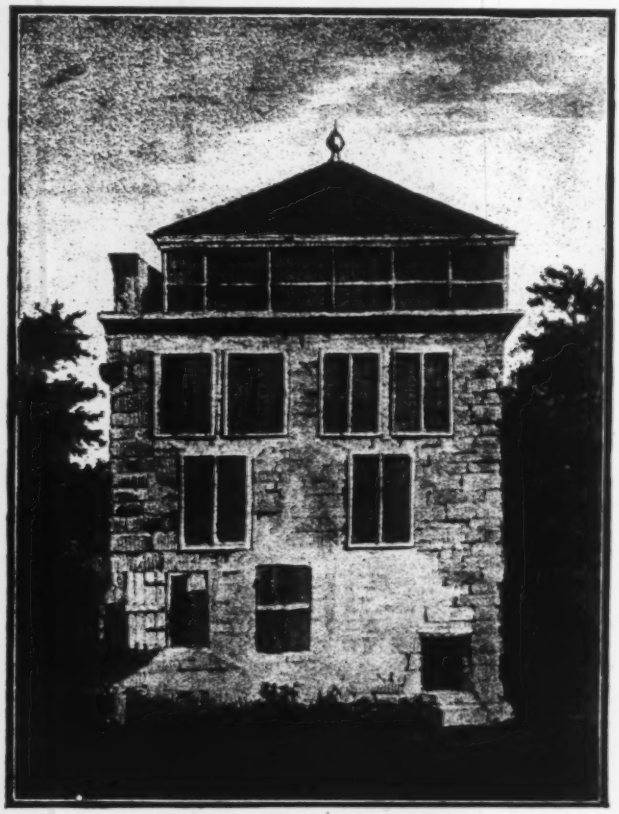
Jean Jacques Rousseau.

After the painting by Ramsay.

He was a lackey for a time, and his chief commercial asset seems to have been his conversion to Catholicism. It was this which, in 1728, procured his first introduction to the household of that extraordinary fellow-convert, whose influence proved one of the paramount circumstances of his life. Françoise-Louise de la Tour, born at Vevey, in March, 1699, became, in 1713, Madame de Warens. Thirteen years later she abandoned her husband (who was in difficulties) and her religion (which did not pay), and became a kind of paid information agent to the king of Savoy. She was a thoroughly modern woman—clever, charming, adaptable, unprincipled. She looked upon chastity as an old-fashioned prejudice, modesty as a mere maxim of social police, discretion as the rain-proof necessary to avert the scoffs of the vulgar. She was prepared to make the gift of herself as tranquilly and serenely as a kind woman does of her labour when she bustles about to get a tired man a cup of tea. Why, indeed, refuse one's friends a favour which had in her eyes no real importance whatever, except in so far as it might enhance their attachment. All those who pleased her and served her were privileged, her chief favours being shared between Rousseau, who served as her secretary, and Anet, a botanizing gardener and factotum. The intimacy between "Mamma," as she was called, and "Petit" (Rousseau) lasted intermittently until 1741. Yet his sojourn at Les Charmettes—which must ever be approached by the man of feeling as a shrine of reverential pilgrimage—was broken pretty frequently by Bohemian wanderings afoot; and no one has ever thrown over the aimless road-faring of adolescence and inexperience a more seductive and idyllic charm.

Rousseau.

After a painting by Latour.



The house at Geneva in which Rousseau was born (1712).

The *confessions* which enshrine this part of the story are composed of two elements. The first is the syrupy, but poisonous, cup which idealizes the romance of Rousseau and his "Maman." It is all seen through a magic glass which falsifies everything, and is the work essentially of an erotomaniac, shy, morbid and perverse. The other contains wine of an honourable vintage, and illustrates a most important truth—the necessity for a healthy man to renew periodically the material (and animal) side of his nature. This has been adopted almost universally as part of the holiday philosophy of the brain-workers of our own time. Hitherto Rousseau had been an optimist; he still saw things in a haze of tender blue, and in spite of his vagabondage knew very little about human nature. His books were generated largely by the sharp contrast between this imaginary world, the beauty and harmony of which was greatly increased by a very gradual process of reminiscence, and the crowded world of real men into which he was gradually introduced after the transference of his head-quarters from Chambéry to Paris. The first part of his life is bathed in an atmosphere of idyllic vision, the second is submerged in an increasingly dense and atrabilious fog. The works which made him famous are produced by the interaction of the two points of view. Most of his ideas are implicit in his first discourse upon the inequality of men: Man is naturally good, men in the mass irremediably bad. The raw material is sound,

the finished product rotten. The idea is largely the old theological one of a primitive Paradise from which man has fallen in the process of becoming social; an idea based partly on reason and partly on sentiment. The sentiment common to all is inherent in the remembrance of a happy, thoughtless and innocent childhood, irrespective of the reflection that a happy infancy is one of the greatest benefits of society, the dearly-bought result of centuries of social action which have secured a measure of security for the weak and defenceless. The rational element is the outcome of the perennial unrest of man. Ignoring the horrors of a perpetual immobility, we are all apt to feel that the misfortunes of man have been largely brought about by his inveterate craving for change. We rashly infer that the best course for each of us would have been to remain as far as possible as we were, and that it is the mad desire for progress which has been at the root of half humanity's sufferings. This is the fundamental idea of Rousseau—a romantic hypothesis in flat contradiction to the whole teaching of history, for it is based upon the untenable supposition that man is everywhere born free. But the story of man's early innocency and contentment is as unsubstantial as a fairy tale. All that we can learn by observation of ants is that they live invariably in ant hills; of bees, that they live in hives; and of men, that they live and must always live in society. Man lives in a gregarious state as naturally as a fish lives in water, and if it is true that God made the country and man made the town, it is equally true that God made the cavern and man made the home.

Madame de Warens.

The beginning of capital and of the division of labour are, according to Rousseau, the beginning of inequality, which is the source of all iniquity. The great evil began when what had previously been common to all was claimed as private property. The first man who, having enclosed a piece of land, took upon him to say this is mine and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. This sentence bears the guinea-stamp of the genius *provocateur*. It served Napoleon and the philosophers as staple for debate during the whole of their uneasy voyage from Malta to Alexandria in 1798. "Beware," says Rousseau, "If you listen to this impostor you are lost." Voltaire's comment is characteristic: "I have received your new book against the human race. I begin to long to walk upon all fours." The essay, despite its philosophic form, is the first of the Rousseau romances, all his books were really romances, and in verve, originality and creative, imaginative quality many consider it the freshest and the sincerest, if not the most eloquent.

The story of the inception of his prize essay of 1749 is told with as much circumstance as if it were the dawn of some new gospel to mankind. Its success made Rousseau the reigning lion in the brilliantly artificial Parisian society of that day. People became wildly curious to see this strange being who wrote with such eloquence and daring originality, who sought no one, and who begged only to be allowed to live his own life with the boarding-house servant who had supplanted "Maman" in his affections. Women tried the most daring ruses to get him to dinner. He tried to offend

Les Charmettes.

The house of Madame de Warens, near Chambéry.

Rousseau's house in the Rue Platrière, Paris.

them by adopting the most boorish behaviour. But this only added to their delight. His social success was intensified by the success of his opera, "Le Devin du Village," and the *manie* for Rousseau was stimulated to an enormous extent by the appearance of his one ostensible romance, "La Nouvelle Héloïse," the mid-summer night's dream of a poor *précepteur*—a worthy successor of "Pamela" and pioneer of "Le Disciple." In the romance of "Julie" we are taught the folly of resisting Nature in affairs of the heart. In "Émile" Rousseau seeks to reduce the science of rearing offspring into harmony with the promptings of a like spontaneous instinct.

Rousseau frequenting the salons of the *grandes dames*, Rousseau composing operas, Rousseau the hermit, Rousseau in England, Rousseau, first the acolyte and then the abomination of the philosophers, becomes more and more an impossible knot to unravel. The complexity of his life reminds us how impossible it is to summarize even an outline into a small compass. Two momentary glimpses must suffice. In 1756 he revisited Chambèry in company with his mistress-wife Thérèse. Poor Mamma! His heart was broken at the sight of her. The only bit of jewellery that was left to her—a little ring—she took from her finger and put on that of Thérèse, who at once returned it, kissing the noble hand and watering it with her tears. "Ah, that was the moment for me to liquidate the debt I owed her. I ought to have left all to follow her, to share her fate, whatsoever it might be. Alas, I did nothing. . . . I sighed, lamented, but did not follow her. Of all the remorse. . . ." Eight years later Mamma died in a hovel. Thérèse, the coarse, the unfaithful, the evil genius of Rousseau's last years, survived until 1801. The philosopher remained poor, a music-copier, and yet a dependent until the end. In 1778 he moved eleven miles from Paris—to Ermenonville. There he died mysteriously on July 2nd in that same year. His ashes were moved to the Pantheon in 1791, to be scattered later, like those of Wyclif, to all quarters of the earth.

We must now turn to the most controversial, if not the most seminal, of all Rousseau's mental issue. The "Contrat Social" is Rousseau's Protestant book; it agrees badly and imperfectly with the rhythm of his other works. Emancipation from the chains of society is his great principle. But there is no such cure for civilization here. Far from enfranchising man from the yoke of social invention, he renders his servitude closer and harder to bear. He had Protestant Geneva and its Spartan ordinances in mind throughout; and yet it was in France, and not in Geneva, that the "Contrat Social"—in some respects the most important of his works—attained its full extent of power and influence. In the next generation it became the Pentateuch of the Constituents and the Koran of the Jacobins. Visionary as it is, the antithesis of the English ideal of liberty, slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent, and obnoxious in every way to the Burkean conception of historical continuity, the "Contrat" is rightly described as one of the most curious and interesting books in existence. Historically an anacoluthon, logically full of gaping flaws, its eloquence and cogency still challenge and even convince.

The house at Ermenonville in which Rousseau died.

Originally born free, men have been reduced to slavery —everywhere. The remedy was not, as might be deduced from his other books, in a patriarchal form of Government, but in a sovereign democracy. To rescue themselves from the ills of wealth and culture men must form themselves into one sovereign people. The people cannot discard their sovereignty. They cannot delegate it to representatives—as the English do. In England the only time of freedom is when—if we suppose universal suffrage—the people are in the elective crisis and are doing their one sovereign act.

In order to escape the bondage to Nature men may mortgage some of their natural rights and accept partial bondage to society, in which each will is free only in so far as it is a part of the general will, influencing all, and being influenced by all. This will in any particular case is found in the will of the majority. Of course this social freedom, according to Rousseau, is not an equivalent for natural freedom, which should be preserved wherever it is possible; but it is the next best thing. Only care must be taken that it does not, as at present, degenerate into tyranny on the one hand and slavery on the other. Though the authority of the sovereign is absolute, inalienable, indivisible, and the source of all laws, yet, since the execution of the laws must be entrusted by law to a part of the sovereign, there is always danger that this part, though possessing no independent authority, will either use the laws for its own benefit or act contrary to the laws, and thus enslave the other part. When this happens the Social Contract is broken, and the parties to it return to the State of Nature, free from all authority, but free at the same time to make a fresh contract.

Rousseau.

From the bust by Houdon.

There is little in Rousseau's "Social Contract" that is absolutely new. He borrowed from Hobbes the true conception of authority, and from Locke the true conception of the ultimate seat and original of authority, and of the two together he made the great image of the sovereign people. Strike the crowned head from that monstrous figure, which is the frontispiece of the "Leviathan," and you have a frontispiece that will serve excellently for the "Social Contract." The idea of the natural pact is borrowed from Spinoza; the idea of the inalienability of popular rights from the Protestant philosopher Althusen's "Politica"; the notion of fraternity from Languet, and that of citizenship again from Spinoza. It is not what Rousseau said that is original, but his way of saying it. The others had accumulated a heap of dry faggots. It was Rousseau that set fire to them and made them dangerous. His analysis is by no means perspicuous. The state of nature and natural rights were unhistorical and preposterous conceptions. He was quite unable to distinguish intelligibly between the general will and the common will. Just as Hobbes tended to confuse personal with juristic sovereignty, so Rousseau tended to confound supreme coercive force with *la volonté générale*, which is something quite different from it. He tries in vain to reduce a moral ideal to the limits of a legal formula. He dangles before our eyes the picture of a perfect people, freely determined to action by an enlightened reason. When we look closer we see nothing but the grinding tyranny of a many-headed monster. The value of an ideal consists in the possibility of approximating to it. Burke's ideal of a "rational freedom" is better than Rousseau's because it lies within the scope of human endeavour, and is congruous with the constitution of human nature. Rousseau did not take notice of human nature except to condemn it; yet he dreamed of puddling this vile material into the image of a Holy Commonwealth. The Lycurgus necessary to mould the plastic puppet man into the form of such a commonwealth was to be found eventually only in the extremely dubious form of Napoleon, a native of that little island state which Rousseau predicted was one day to astonish the world.

A few words remain to be said about his style, character and influence. His pretensions in the matter of style were not excessive; he admitted freely that it didn't matter to him whether a sentence was good French or sound idiom. The object of writing, as of speaking, was to be understood, and the writer who was intelligible had gained his end. If, in addition, he were lucid, so much the better. "Be clear, therefore, and make everyone who knows French understand you. That is the rule, and if in the process you should commit a hundred barbarisms, no matter; you have written well. I go further and maintain," he adds, "that sometimes you will need to commit a few grammatical mistakes in order to be better understood. To be perspicuous and not either a pedant or a purist, that is your true object!" Despite this candour, which pervaded everything that he wrote, Rousseau is still regarded as one of the great masters of French style. He is not a martinet, either in order or arrangement, but as a master of the flowing and oratorical style he has had few rivals or none. There is an innate harmony between the flow of his rhythm and the development of his ideas—development of his ideas, there is the secret. Few, indeed, have approached him in this mysterious power of wringing the last ounce of meaning out of a philosophical hypothesis. His rose-tinted clouds are perfect, and nothing in prose poetry could very well surpass the exquisite beauty of

the sentimental reveries with which he concludes the last of his romances—those imaginative "Confessions."

> "How strange that a man of such exquisite notions
> Should have sent his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear."

So wrote Tom Moore, who satirised better than he sang. The case of Rousseau is somewhat on a par with that of poor Yorick and other notorious prose poets and sentimentalists who botanised upon their mother's graves. Rousseau was a sentimentalist *in excelsis*, and his character, though ably defended, can never be satisfactorily cleared of cruel inconsistencies. The best extenuation, after all, is that his mental and physical abnormalities rendered him to some extent, at any rate, morally irresponsible. The fascination of his manner and the seduction of his style rendered his influence dangerously irresistible. The ideal portraiture of his Savoyard vicar made his influence upon religion hardly less potent and pervasive than his philosophic example, of which we have already spoken. In art, and especially in literature, his influence has been almost illimitable. He is the master painter of the picturesque, the Corot of rural sentiment. Of the taste for nature and simple life he is likewise the Arch-evangel. His followers and disciples in French literature alone are legion.

Among French writers alone his influence may be discerned in Bernandi de Saint-Pierre, Mme. de Staël, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Montalembert, Saintine, De Maistre, Michelet, De Musset, George Sand, Souvestre, De Sénancour, Renan, Bourget, Pouvillon, Coppée, Amiel, Loti. Goethe in his sentimental and Wertherian period was simply steeped in Rousseau, and the same applies to Schiller, Kotzebue, the early German novelists and particularly to Heyse. In England we begin to see the effect of Rousseau very clearly in Cowper, then in Shelley and Keats, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris, Longfellow and Emerson. Wordsworth is saturated in Rousseau's nature philosophy and reproduces many of his master's errors about the heaven of infancy and the natural state of innocent man. Tolstoi is deeply immersed. He proceeds, it is true, from a mere historical starting point. Man as an agriculturist is his natural man. And he reaches a different goal, the subversion of organised violence which man is deluded into regarding as a safety guard. But for much of the route he follows Rousseau unreservedly. And Rousseau intrudes into modern politics almost hourly. A few days ago a fierce attack was made on him in the French Chamber by an academician, Maurice Barrès, and Rousseau was vehemently defended by a minister from the instant charge of political incendiarism. Only yesterday as I was returning home I heard a lady socialist appeal to her audience with the well-worn maxim: "Man is born free and yet everywhere we see him in chains."

New Books.

STEVENSON.*

The third five-volume instalment of the Swanston edition of Stevenson's works is now in the hands of the subscribers, and includes three of his most characteristic novels, the whole of his poems with seventeen additional pieces not in most editions, and all the plays, written in collaboration with W. E. Henley.

"Deacon Brodie," "Admiral Guinea," "Beau Austin," and "Macaire" have never been successful either from the box-office point of view or in the estimate of the dramatic critics, and the passage of time, which, sooner with prose drama than with any other kind of literature, makes the fashion of the work antique or obsolete, renders it more unlikely, every year, that any of the plays in question can be revived with even moderate popular success. The technique of the dramatist since these plays were written has been altered all in the direction of realism; soliloquies and asides are now supposed to be intolerable, though it only wants a dramatist of genius to restore those old conventions to the importance and acceptance which they once enjoyed; but not by reason of this is the actor-manager indifferent to the plays of Stevenson and Henley. There are purely personal considerations why he will always choose another "Macaire" than this—considerations of vanity and diplomacy; but beyond that, he discerns certain elemental qualities in the plays which in any age would militate against their acceptance on the stage however they may charm in private reading.

With Stevenson, however it may have been with Henley, the mood in which the work was done was inimical to dramatic success. Plays, no more than poems, should be written in fun, as a pleasant literary sport for the leisure hours of gentlemen with the more serious affairs of life for the moment in suspense, and there is every evidence that it was in the same gay irresponsible spirit in which he made Davos Platz wood-cuts that Stevenson gambolled with Thalia. That merry and illuminating essay entitled "A Penny Play, Twopence coloured," gives the clue to Stevenson's attitude to the drama; he was the child of Skelt, and his notion of a play, to the end, appears to have been "Three-fingered Jack," or "Jack Sheppard," touched up with genuine literary style, the characters robust, and coloured with crimson lake, the speeches orotund and rhetorical, the period thrown far enough back to obviate any chance of the audience finding out that action and speech were of no real age or clime but simply Skeltery. The plays, in short, were written with the tongue in the cheek, and no mixed audience will stand that. As literary excursions they may be read repeatedly with pleasure;

* "Catriona," "The Master of Ballantrae," "The Wrecker," "A Child's Garden of Verses," etc., "Deacon Brodie," etc. Vols. XI. to XV. 6s. net each. The Swanston Edition of the Works of R. L. Stevenson. (Chatto & Windus.)

particularly for their banter, but it is to the sophisticated they appeal; on the stage the brilliance of their writing fails to make up for their inability to rouse emotion. It was the verdict of a quarter of a century ago; it is the verdict of to-day, when the plays are sometimes presented by a repertory company.

Henley unquestionably provided most of the staying power for both collaborators; he was hopeful that there might be money in them long after Stevenson had come to look on them with indifference or disdain. Of "Deacon Brodie," when produced in 1884, Stevenson wrote that it was "d——d bad." In the following year he wrote significantly to Henley: "Do you think you are right to send 'Macaire,' and 'The Admiral,' about? Not a copy have I sent, nor, (speaking for myself, personally,) do I want sent. The re-perusal of 'The Admiral,' by the way, was a sore blow; eh, God, man! it's a low, black, dirty, blackguard piece, vomitable in many parts, simply vomitable; Pew is in places a reproach to both art and man. What I mean is that I believe in playing dark with second and third rate work; 'Macaire,' is a piece of job work hurriedly bockled." These were views, by the way, emphatically anticipated by his father; they greatly exaggerated the defects of the plays, but with this reservation, father and son were right.

Yet, oddly enough, the spirit of a paper game, with which Stevenson set about play-writing, only to discover that the grown-up world takes its plays seriously, in no way impairs the effect of "A Child's Garden of Verses," also composed in sportive hours—the sportive hours, as it happened, of an author at the time experiencing the mingled joys of hemorrhage, sciatica, and ophthalmia. Though the gentle ironist peeps out sometimes in these nursery recollections, and the deliberate artist always, there is never any mood of insincerity; all is bathed in the spirit of a man in whom the thought of his past years did "breed perpetual benediction," in whom the innocence of any childhood was a thing to reverence, at all events to treat with tenderness. It was by "A Child's Garden of Verses" he made his first impression as a poet, and it will probably be found to maintain his poetical reputation longer than any of its successors, for this particular song-sequence is unique in English verse, and the thing essayed can never conceivably be better done. There is, of course, much in "Underwoods," and "Songs of Travel," that delights maturer moods more lastingly; "Home no Home to me," "In the Highlands, in the country places," "Blows the Wind to-day," "The House Beautiful," and almost all the Scots pieces, strike a note peculiarly Stevensonian and beautiful. In the "Additional Poems," given in Vol. XIV. I miss one anonymously published under Henley's editing, when a prize was offered for the identification of its author:

"We found Him firſt as in the Dells of May
The Dreaming Damſel finds the earlieſt Flower:
Thoughtleſs we wandered in the Evening Hour:
Aimleſs and pleaſed we went our Random Way:
In the foot-haunted City, in the Night,
Among the alternate Lamps we went and came
Till, like a humorous Thunderbolt, that Name,
The hated Name of BRASH, aſſailed our Sight.
We ſaw, we pauſed, we entered, ſeeking Gin.
His Wrath, like a huge Breaker on the Beach,
Broke inſtant forth. He on the Counter beat
In his infantile Fury; and his Feet
Danced Impotent Wrath upon the Floor within.
Still as we fled we heard his Idiot Screech."

"Catriona," and "The Master of Ballantrae," I referred to in a former notice of the Swanston Edition. "The Wrecker," which, with "The Ebb Tide," brought Stevenson first to the attention of many sadly impercipient readers who had never previously found him up to their standard of sensationalism, was probably the most extensively sold of all his larger books. It was the first novel in which he wrote of characters and conditions of life contemporary with himself, so qualifying what Mr. Lang—of all men!—seems to regard as his one deficiency. No modern novel of adventure has a more auspicious opening; the Prologue breathes a tropical and magic air, but that key is not sustained, and though one reads "The Wrecker," again for the sake of Captain Nares, and Loudon Dodd, and the fascinating Jim Pinkerton, one feels that the story could have been told as well and less amorphously by many other practitioners of the police novel.

NEIL MUNRO.

LAST ESSAYS OF A BOOKMAN.*

Bismarck is reported to have said that in diplomacy it is the business of the diplomatist to be diplomatic. The late Churton Collins acted consistently on the maxim that in criticism it is the business of the critic to be critical, and it would be paying poor respect to his memory to ignore his principle when his own work happens to be concerned. I am sure, too, that he would have been among the first to raise the voice of protest (I have in fact a suspicion that he did raise it) against the rapidly spreading practice of indiscriminate posthumous publication, which as a rule neither enhances the reputation of the dead writer nor adds anything of substantial value to contemporary literature. With the frankness which he himself would have approved and from the point of view which I believe would have been his own, I therefore venture to question the wisdom

The back Verandah at Vailima.

From The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson, Swanston Edition (Chatto & Windus).

* "The Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins." Edited by L. C. Collins. 6s. net. (Dent.)

of this volume of essays. I can appreciate to the full the personal feelings by which its issue was prompted. But if the actual quality of its contents be alone considered, the judgment must be that it falls short of the high standard the writer himself taught us to expect and demand.

This is perfectly natural, since, as Mr. Collins' prefatory note tells us, most of these essays were delivered by his father in the form of lectures. As lectures they doubtless served their purpose and served it admirably. But the conditions of the popular lecture are, or should be, different from those of the printed essay, and it seldom happens that work prepared expressly for one object stands quite satisfactorily the test of the other. In the popular lecture, for instance, there is ample justification for familiar facts, trite observations, and ephemeral details for which the printed essay affords no proper place. Having regard to their original aims, one does not complain that the lecture on Tennyson in this collection is little more than a string of well-worn commonplaces, that on Johnson a slight biographical sketch filled out with stock anecdotes and quotations, that on the Shakespearean Theatres a mere compilation. We can well understand that these pleasantly written papers must have been full of entertainment and stimulus to those who had the opportunity of listening to them. But as essays in a volume, to be read and pondered over, they are bound to seem thin and disappointing.

While, however, this criticism bears upon the volume as a whole, there are divisions of it in respect of which qualification is called for. Here and there, leaving the beaten highways of literary history, the writer strikes out into by-paths of his own choosing, and when he does so, he rarely fails to find something interesting by the way. By far the most suggestive essays in this book are those which institute comparisons between Browning and three great thinkers of the past—one English, one French, and one German—who are seldom named in connection with him: Butler, Montaigne, and Lessing. In the discussion of the Christianity of Lessing and Browning, in particular, a line of inquiry is opened up which will be new to many readers and must prove attractive to all. I have myself often been impressed by the close parallelism in thought between "The Education of the Human Race," with its logically developed thesis of progressive revelation, and "A Death in the Desert," with its mystical rendering of the same fundamental idea. It is this parallelism which Churton Collins is mainly concerned to draw out. He shows that in meeting the rationalistic attacks, in the one case of Reimarus, in the other of Strauss and his school, these two exponents of a purely spiritual conception of religion took up the same position and adopted the same method of defence; both contending that "the truth of Christianity is independent of its historical proof"; both maintaining that though its dogmatic accretions may pass away, its living power is permanent and universal. He also lays stress upon another important point of resemblance between the German humanist and the English poet. Browning, as we all know, was fond of emphasising the incompleteness of all higher truth. In so doing, he was only re-stating in his own language one of the cardinal principles of Lessing's philosophy. Churton Collins does not undertake to decide whether or not Browning was directly indebted to Lessing, though, always rather prone to discover borrowings, he clearly inclines to the conclusion that he was. But he suggests that in any event, "all which is worth serious consideration in his argument is what he has in common with Lessing."

I may add that some of these essays are incidentally interesting, because they give us glimpses of the personality of the writer and of his ideas about literature and life. I have described the essay on Tennyson as little more than a string of well-worn commonplaces; but an individual note is struck in the sentence in which the critic pauses to give surprisingly high praise, not to the poet's art or style, but to his "political teaching"!—"It is," he declares, "as sound sentimentally as it is sound in simple reason." His testimony to the spiritual potency of Browning's work is also memorable: "To how many of us has Browning sent new life-blood pulsing into old truths; for how many of us has he rekindled lights that were becoming dim, and taught us to understand and feel what Christianity *really means*." I do not quote these words because there is anything novel in the thought conveyed. The same idea has been expressed in general terms over and over again. I quote them because obviously they are not an outsider's generalisation, but a bit of personal experience, and in a matter of this kind, every bit of personal experience counts. Most of all perhaps are we interested in the critic's attitude towards Wordsworth—always a touchstone of something more than a man's mere taste in poetry. He unhesitatingly treats him as a great teacher; asserts that we have never done justice to him "because we have not taken him seriously enough"; places him as complement and antithesis beside Shakespeare; proclaims him first in rank in his own order of poetry—the poetry of "essence and spirit." The essay may tell us little that is new about Wordsworth. It tells us much about the writer.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

WILLIAM WATSON AND THE THEATRE.*

A play which has not yet been acted has a reviewer at a disadvantage. If he is to do his duty, he has to consider, above all other qualities, its merit on the stage. To do this he must make an effort of imagination which is not called for by any other form of literature. If he is dealing with an author whose earlier plays have been performed in the theatre, his imagination has the aid of his memory. For the dramatic quality is probably repeated. One knows, for instance, pretty well what was dramatic and what undramatic in the plays of Mr. Yeats which one has seen; and one can use this knowledge in judging the unplayed page. With a poet's first play, however, the task is harder. This quality and that can be named as good or bad for the theatre, but that does not exhaust the matter. The dramatic is so elusive a spirit, so much more dependent on the author's personality than on such external things as structure, dialogue and so on, that one can never be sure what play will be interesting on the stage until one has seen it there. Yet structure, language and other technical points are all, in the case of a first play, on which imagination has to work.

"The Heralds of the Dawn" is Mr. Watson's first play and must therefore be judged with deference. It certainly *looks* as if it would not act very well. Eight short scenes, involving four changes of setting, would probably commend the piece to few managers. But managers are treated lightly nowadays, so we need not trouble too much about them. This construction, however, can be criticised on more serious grounds. It breaks the play up too much, gives it a choppy effect. One has not the time to become interested. And when we talk about dramatic quality and the sense of the theatre and so on, we merely mean the capacity for keeping an audience interested. Now one cannot be interested in a story which does not develop: not, that is, in the theatre, and only in the armchair when the story is quite short. But "The Heralds of the Dawn" does not develop. The motive of the play is a moral one. So far so good. Audiences are usually more interested in morals than in art, and the hyper-æsthetic critic, who refused to consider Mr. Watson in his moral side, would encounter much chaste beauty but would miss the main significance of his work. The plot of "The Heralds of the Dawn" is briefly this. Volmar, general of the forces of Idonea, conquers his country's enemy, but, during the campaign, seduces the daughter of a hunter, Abbo of the Woods. Volmar returns in triumph, but, in the midst of the festivities in his honour, Abbo kills him. He is naturally condemned to death, but is saved by the intercession of

* "The Heralds of the Dawn." A Play, by William Watson. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Hesperus, Crown Prince of Idonea. Clotaire, the old King, father of Hesperus, abdicates in his son's favour and takes poison. All this is doubtful morality and still more doubtful politics, but Mr. Watson is doing no more than uphold what Americans call the Unwritten Law. The time of the play is "the morrow of antiquity," and it symbolises the passing of tyranny, represented by Clotaire and Volmar, and the advent of liberty, represented by Hesperus. This is a promising theme, but it is spoilt by unskilful treatment, by the absence of that development which makes a play interesting. Abbo, for instance, appears for a moment in the first scene, and we are allowed to forget all about him before we see him again. A love affair of Hesperus's is touched on but not worked out; a cedar, the health of which is bound up with that of the royal house, would be significant if introduced as a recurrent motive or symbol, but loses all effect by being used once and dropped; the machinations of the demagogue Brasidas are peculiarly spasmodic and futile. In short, the play is scrappy.

There is one quality, however, which might save it on the stage, as it undoubtedly saves it for the reader. Mr. Watson is a skilled epigrammatist, in the sense that Martial rather than Meleager was an epigrammatist. This gift stands him in good stead here. His dialogue is excellent, terse and full of felicities. Most modern blank verse plays are as dull to read as to hear. Mr. Watson's play is certainly not dull to read. It might, therefore, being neither long nor long-winded, keep us interested in the theatre by sheer dexterity of dialogue. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker have shown us how many sins good dialogue can cover.

To read "The Heralds of the Dawn" is, at any rate, a pleasure, and not only because it contains such verse as:

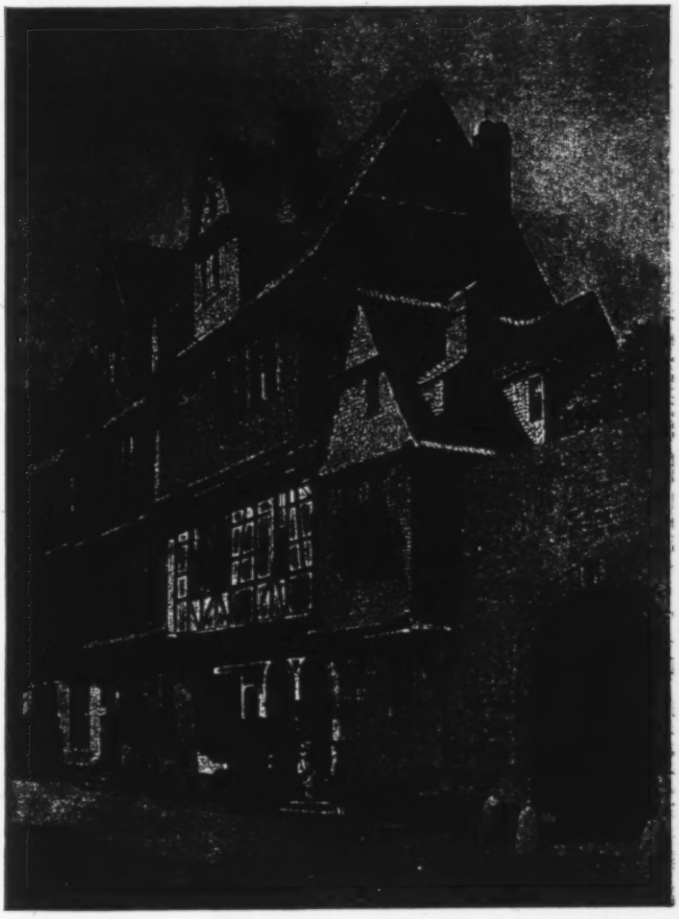
> "Brasidas, they whose judgment guides this realm
> Allow you a large liberty of speech:
> Allow to them some liberty of silence.
> In statecraft there are things that cannot be
> As public as a peepshow at a fair.
> The council chamber of a King is secret,
> Even as the heart and inwards of thy body
> Are secret. To uncover their hid workings
> Were to destroy thee, body and heart and all."

Like all Mr. Watson's work, "The Heralds of the Dawn" has lofty purpose, austerity, distinction. There are worse qualities than these in literature.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

GOETHE.*

The simultaneous appearance of these two handsome and portly volumes, dealing with Goethe, his life, work and influence, just at this present moment, when no particular anniversary or other occasion has befallen to bring their subject more than usually to mind is, one supposes, a mere negligible coincidence. The books are welcome, inasmuch as they will set their readers once more exploring and canvassing the mind and personality of Goethe and the vast mass of written matter—or much of it—in which they found expression. Mr. McCabe's book will hardly succeed in banishing from the public memory some former studies of his subject, notably that of George Lewes. It has the virtues he has given us the right to look for in his work; it is well-documented, thorough, thoughtful, and



The Goethehaus in Frankfort.
From "Goethe," by Joseph McCabe (Eveleigh Nash.)

not unilluminated by flashes of understanding and insight. But it has no markedly novel reading of Goethe's character to offer to us, and its perusal will leave most readers with pretty much the same opinion they held of him before they first opened his pages. Some of Mr. McCabe's critical judgments will indurate rather than alter the views they are intended to affect. His statement, for instance, that "Werther" is Goethe's greatest work will surely come upon most readers of this generation with something of a shock. That "Werther" is a little book of considerable literary power and charm few will deny; that it might, even had it been Goethe's one production, still have held its place in the public memory, may be conceded, but to exalt it over the best parts of "Faust," over such work as either of the Prologues, the Song of the Earth-Spirit, Margaret's Prayer, or the best of the Walpurgis scene, surely smacks of the insanity of eulogy.

Miss Crawford has discharged her more restricted task, of showing Goethe in his relations with the interminable string of women who succeeded each other in his affections, well also. The theme becomes monotonous by very force of variety, and leaves a slight sense of nausea on the normal palate, but that is no fault of Miss Crawford, and the book is as pleasantly written as any such record could be.

Goethe's place in the literary hierarchy is, one may suppose, tolerably fixed and certain by now. He owes it, as is right and just, to what is best and finest amid the huge and hugely diversified mass of his literary remains, which sets him fairly among the great writers of all time. And yet, in reviewing that mass in its entirety, it is possible at moments to ask whether its creator was, after all, of the race of indubitable, authentic, God-born poets; whether he was not rather merely a man of wonderful cleverness, marvellous industry, and vast will-power, a brilliant

* "Goethe: The Man and His Character." By Joseph McCabe. With Portraits. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"Goethe and His Women Friends." By Mary Caroline Crawford. With 76 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

plodder, a genius not born, but made? Perhaps there is no man who ever held a pen between whose best and whose worst work there is a greater or more impassable gap—not even William Wordsworth. Such a doubt receives, at least, collateral support from the tawdrily theatrical fashion in which, while still a young boy, he decided "to seek God in his works, and in the good old Bible fashion to build an altar to Him!" For this purpose he selected some types, such as ores and other natural productions, and arranged them in symbolical order on the elevations of a music stand. On the apex was to be a flame typical of the soul's aspiration, and for this a pastille did duty. Sunrise was awaited with impatience. The glittering of the house tops gave signal; he applied a burning-glass to the pastille, and thus was the worship consummated by a priest of seven years old, alone in his bedroom! Fancy Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Heine, or Coleridge, fancy even Victor Hugo, with all the flamboyant tinsel which mingled and jarred with the fine gold of his temperament, either playing such a trick or recording it of himself! To the English reader it infallibly recalls an intentionally bombastic incident in the first book of the "Dunciad," and also another scene in which a small boy reared an altar unto the Lord in the vast solitude of the African veldt. Miss Olive Schreiner's Waldo does not develop into a world-poet, a companion of princes, and a literary and social Jupiter, but the pitiful little mutton-chop melting on the twelve small stones was surely a more savoury sacrifice than Goethe's pastille.

Goethe's pinchbeck antic with his pastille, kept in mind as a key to the character of the being who played it, becomes drearily symbolical of much, a revealing light, a key to unlock the inmost recesses of his soul. His character was abnormal, and abnormal on the poor and shabby side, as was, for instance, his treatment of his mother. That she was a good mother, that she was exceptionally fond of her brilliant and wayward offspring, that she exulted in his growing fame, that the sad solitude of her last years was sweetened by the knowledge that he walked on even terms with earth's greatest, that he was the chosen intimate and adviser of a reigning prince, that he was caressed and flattered by the Conqueror of Europe, is made pathetically clear on every occasion whenever her name emerges among the records of his life. Yet Goethe lived for three-and-thirty years within little more than a hundred miles of her—he in Weimar and she in his native Frankfort—and visited her only six times. He poured out volumes of cardiphonic drivel on his sweethearts and mistresses, his letters to the mother who would have given her life to save him from a headache would make scarcely a moderate-sized pamphlet. On p. 220 of her book Miss Crawford quotes a few sentences in a letter written by the proud and sad old woman to Fritz von Stein, a little boy who lived in Goethe's *entourage*:

"Since you are constantly with my son and know more about him than anyone else, how would it be if you were to keep a little diary, and send it to me every month? It need not, indeed, give you much trouble—only something in this way: 'Yesterday Goethe was at the play; in the evening invited out. To-day we had company,' and so on. In this way I should live as it were among you, should rejoice in your joys, and absence would lose much of its unpleasantness."

Fritz acted on the suggestion, and, as a result, Frau Aja heard much more than she had previously done of her son's everyday life.

These were the years in which Goethe was "developing himself," "building his soul-pyramid," and all the rest of it. The same ground-note of low selfishness runs through all his amours. He toyed with the souls of a long succession of women, inspiring passions he never had the faintest intention of gratifying, either by marriage, which was contrary to his "ideal," or in a more questionable fashion, which, as the ladies were mostly of respectable connections, might have brought unpleasant consequences to disturb his Olympian calm.

A great man? Yes—with reservations. A good man? No—with little reservation of any kind. By his fruits shall we know him. Goethe's intellectual offspring of any account are easily numbered and easily appraised. They were Carlyle, with his hero-worship and his intellectual brutalitarianism, which the world tentatively nibbled at and soon rejected, and Nietzsche, with his mock-philosophy of sublimated caddishness, which the world, for the most and better part, has ignored altogether.

HENRY MURRAY.

THE WORKS OF RICHARD MIDDLETON.*

One rises from the reading of these two volumes with the feeling that the end of Richard Middleton came all too soon; that his passage under the stars finished at too early an hour; that his nine and twenty years were but so much promise; and that full achievement lay just beyond the short Night he did not fear but rather sought. One feels that; and yet the feeling may be but a will o' the wisp to lead us astray; very likely it is. Must we consider the man and his work? Must we sever the work from the man? It is not given to all to know the singer, but the first man met in the street may judge the song.

I am, for the moment, concerned with Richard Middleton's song; and I confess that I find it of a monotony which may be divine, but which is—there can be no denial—wearisome. He had many rhythms—he sought variety as he sought pleasure, avidly—but the song was the same, the substance and stuff of it were ever the same: he did not sing dreams, he sang of dreams he had had. The casual reader will say at once: "Richard Middleton was a dreamer." That is just what he was not; he was a man who *said* he had had dreams, but if dreams he had he kept them jealously to himself, and the hungry of the earth want more from their poets than a disdainful or a pitiful:

"I have seen God: but, hush! I may not speak."

And so, because Richard Middleton does not tell his dream, we are minded to fit him with Mr. Arthur Symons' estimate of that other strange departed sprite, Ernest Dowson: "He was not a dreamer; destiny passes by the dreamer, sparing him because he clamours for many things. He was a child, clamouring for so many things, all impossible."

In the intervals of "clamouring for so many things," Richard Middleton sang some fine things, things quite pure and exquisite. Almost perfect is this "Nocturne":

"When Sleep puts on the cloak of Death,
And in the city masquerades,
Earth's tired children fight for breath,
And they who sought the dreamy glades
Fall panting on the road, and lie
Like clods beneath the sombre sky.

"But when Death comes like gentle sleep,
And takes our children to her breast,
Our weary eyes forbear to weep—
It is so very good to rest
Quietly in the dreamy corn
Until the breaking of the morn."

Almost perfect, I said; almost, but not quite; for here, twice in two stanzas, do we encounter Middleton's King Charles' head—dreamy, which, with dreams, dreaming, dreamful, was his obsession. The word, one imagines, had an uncanny fascination for him.

This "Nocturne" and "The Song of the King's Minstrel," by their simplicity and directness, are worthy of a place in any anthology. In both these there is the true singing-stuff, elemental and inevitable. But on most occasions Middleton sang a more sophisticated strain, and once or twice he passed the bounds of current decency, as in the lines "To C.M.," where he would be Peeping Tom, spying on the mysteries of the alcove, and in "After

* "Poems and Songs." By Richard Middleton. Introduction by Henry Savage; "The Ghost Ship and Other Stories." Introduction by Arthur Machen. 5s. net each. (Fisher Unwin.)

Love" with its "Let there be lust between us two." Of course, all that was mere braggadocio, the bantam bounce of the late 'nineties that would shock at any price the Puritan fresh from Cowper and Tennyson. And so many of us took it for bravery! Middleton, I feel, would have sacrificed these two pieces, and perhaps also "The Rebel" and the "Epithalamium." The piety of friends has preserved them. The same piety has given us an introduction to the "Poems and Songs" by Mr. Henry Savage, of which the conclusion may be quoted:

"Of his genius I am not using words idly when I say that it is of that rare quality which will sooner or later ensure him a recognised position in the front rank of English poets. Those who are not moved by the beauty of the poetry in this volume may find beauty elsewhere and had better seek it elsewhere. There is that in it beyond the reach of mere criticism. It is of the substance which lives."

Mr. Savage has the fervid courage of the devoted friend; but, honestly, I find that Richard Middleton's songs are Richard Middleton's most discreet and most trustworthy champions.

The prose volume, "The Ghost Ship" (introduced worthily and soberly by Mr Arthur Machen), is truly remarkable. It would be remarkable in any year, not only for its manner but for its matter. In quality, in fineness as in substantiality, it is far above "Poems and Songs"; and just as Middleton found himself, before the end, "drawn towards young children and people who are simple and kindly and not too clever," so it may be conceived that he was also being drawn away from the easy artificialities and affectations of prosody, and towards the more austere beauties of prose. Certainly, in prose he has done fine things. "The Ghost Ship" is greatly imagined—humour, pathos, fantasy, poetry, and cunning earthly philosophy—of these is it inimitably made. I *feel* that it is a masterpiece. And surely there was never a more sincere, a more poignant bit of self-revelation than "The Great Man": every man who has been called to letters must see himself in this faithful mirror. And for all that "The Coffin Merchant" may owe something to Poe and Stevenson and Ambrose Bierce, and "The Soul of a Policeman" a little to Anatole France; these two sketches are gripping things, eloquent in their almost bald diction, beautiful in their spare lines. Richard Middleton's prose has nerve and vigour that his verse lacks, and it has a style that should preserve it long against moth and rust. It is a prose that needs no apologist. It, and not his verse, will make live the name of this hunter after beauty, who gave up the chase ere it was full noon.

W. A. MACKENZIE.

MR. BEGBIE ON THE Y.M.C.A.*

In one of his essays, Mr. Russell Lowell tells how an American church was being burned down, and how an anxious farmer rushed up to the scene, gasping: "Hez the bell fell yit?" His one interest in the fire was to hear the clang and crash of the bell, as the tower collapsed. Mr. Begbie appears to have been reproached by some critics of his earlier books upon religious conversion, for encouraging tastes like that of the breathless rustic at the fire. He now takes up his pen to show that "conversion is a quite common experience among ordinary men; is very often nothing more than a secret turning of the face towards God; a private decision to live a new life; a personal and wholly tranquil choice of the soul for Christ as its Master and Saviour. No priest appears to be necessary, the excitements of the revivalist preacher are absent; in the privacy of its own soul, the spirit turns from evil and faces towards God." In these pages there is no fall of the bell, to satisfy the craving for sensationalism. The book is a study of the work done by the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Begbie tells once more the story of its inception by Sir George Williams; gives several instances of men who have been helped by it to live clean and Christian lives in London; and pleads with characteristic vigour for the support of its new operations in the metropolis. One of the chapters is devoted to a sketch of the Rev. John McNeill, though Mr. Begbie does not mention him by name. Elsewhere, the views of Mr. Virgo are expounded at some length. But the bulk of the book is occupied with life-stories of clerks, barristers, and business men, who have been indebted to the Y.M.C.A. The author admits it has been more difficult to collect materials for this sort of book than for his earlier studies in a lower social stratum. Perhaps that is one reason why there is more of Mr. Begbie, and of Mr. Begbie's preaching, in these pages than in the previous volumes. However, the book is telling in its own way. By far the most interesting study is that of "A soul in the street"; it handles a phase of morbidity due to the unreal conditions of life in a huge city like London, but it is quite off the lines of the conventional religious experience, and it has the notes of a grey, twisted reality.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "The Ordinary Man and the Extraordinary Thing." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE ROYAL MIRACLE.*

We all know that, as a matter of hard fact, Charles II. was one of the least deserving of monarchs and of men, but he was such a genial, gracious, likable ne'er-do-weel, and so much of picturesque incident and romantic sentiment were mingled with the record of his dissolute living that he has taken his permanent place among our gallant, glamorous heroes of song and story. We ought to be sorry that the Roundheads did not capture him when he escaped after Worcester fight, but we are not, and the tale of the adventures through which the Royal fugitive passed, how he was hidden and helped by loyal friends, how narrowly he missed being discovered again and again, makes a page or two of history as vivid and exciting reading as if they were pages of imaginative romance.

It is that thrilling phase of the King's career that has

* The "Royal Miracle." By A. M. Broadley. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

SCOT. II.

The Nativity of Prince Charls.

I Have seen several Nativities, that have been reported to be this Princely Native's true one. But one more especially that all our *London* Astrologers rest securely confident is the right. Which gives the time of his birth to be in the yeer of our Lord 1630. *May* the 29. 30 m. *P. M.* or afternoon. Now we know there can be but one Truth; and if this be it, I would willingly demand what directions those are (by such a correction) should signifie these accidents following, which have already hapned unto him? I cannot (by the best of my skill) discover any, and am therefore apt to suspect the verity thereof.

1. *Aged 9 years, broke his Arm, and discrase in body.*
2. *Aged 10 years, a slight fever, and spice of the Jaundies.*
3. *Aged 12 years, the measels, left London, &c.*
4. *Aged 16 years, went to France, had a scarlet fever.*
5. *Aged 20 years, Crowned in Scotland.*
6. *Aged 21 years, worsted at* Worcester.

By the time given, before-mentioned, there is but one of these accidents that can have a direction to signifie it; and that is the Crowning of him in *Scotland*; and that's the Mobeaven to the ☌ of ☽ ☍ ♂ but

CHARLES II
Crowned King of Scotland
January 1. 165[illegible]

From the portrait in John Gadbury's "Nativity of the late King Charles" (1659) in the possession of Mr. Broadley.

Charles II. in 1651.

From "The Royal Miracle," by A. M. Broadley (Stanley Paul).

furnished matter for this handsome book of Mr. A. M. Broadley's. Never before has the story been told in such minute detail nor so authoritatively. For long past Mr. Broadley has been collecting contemporary pamphlets, letters and documents relating to Charles's wanderings from September 3rd, 1651, to October 15th; and in September last year he took a party of friends on a motor-car pilgrimage from Worcester to Brighton, visiting on the way every remaining house at which Charles stayed, every place in which he lay in hiding, until, by devious courses, he reached the coast and was able to take ship for France. The most wonderful and momentous incident of his flight was probably what is known as "the miraculous divergence," which occurred on September 23rd, 1651, when the King and his handful of followers were fleeing along the Dorchester Road. Lord Wilmot rejoined them near the first milestone on that road with news that more troops were advancing on Bridport from Dorchester, probably with the object of intercepting the fugitives. "The ready wit of Charles stood him in good stead. He at once said that nothing else would save them, but taking the first turning to the left and doubling back to Trent, where their presence had not been as yet suspected. A few minutes later they turned into Lee Lane, and had not long been hidden by its high and leafy hedges when they heard the clatter of the Roundheads' cavalry riding swiftly towards Bridport." This almost casual turning aside not a minute too soon spared the King from capture and took him on the road that led to safety.

In a full and scholarly historical introduction Mr. Broadley treats at large of the flight of the King and the literature that has grown up around it; touches on some of its chief episodes, and has much of interest to say concerning those who aided the King in his extremity, and the identification of His Majesty's hiding-places. He follows this by printing several rare tracts, letters, broadsides and old ballads, all having to do with the King's adventures, and in a series of appendices includes papers read before the members of his last year's pilgrimage concerning Charles's escape from Worcester; the expenses incurred by him in Worcester, as shown by the municipal accounts; a narrative of his sojourn at Brightelmstone, whilst he waited for an opportunity to embark; an itinerary of the flight; the story of the famous motor-car pilgrimage; a careful bibliography; and other supplementary matter. The book is illustrated with numerous portraits and facsimiles, engravings and maps. Within its limits it is a contribution to history so conscientiously and exhaustively written that it is never likely to be superseded; much in the volume is now published for the first time, and one can only congratulate Mr. Broadley upon the knowledge and patient research with which he has accomplished his task, and the ability with which he has marshalled his facts and arranged his documents so as to make the whole record as supremely interesting as it is exact and reliable.

WITH NAPOLEON AT S. HELENA.*

Of writing many books about Napoleon there is no end, and Mr. Watson has achieved a work of length, substance and ingenuity about one of the very least of those who crossed for a moment the orbit of the great man. Piontkowski told the modest truth when he said of himself "I am but a pigmy," but he showed such real devotion to his hero by following him to Elba and S. Helena that he is now rewarded, more than sixty years after his death, by a short volume devoted nominally at least to himself. We say nominally, because in this book Mr. Watson is really wrestling with the shade of Sir Hudson Lowe, and striking some doughty blows in the much-laboured controversy as to the treatment of Napoleon in his last exile. There is no cold impartiality about Mr. Watson, no anxious balancing of judgment; he is the Emperor's man, and after careful study of the Lowe Papers, is clearly convinced that the governor treated his prisoner with unnecessary harshness and incivility. It is generally agreed that Lowe was deficient in tact, but his enemies show little appreciation of his responsibilities and difficulties. Napoleon had escaped once before, at a cost to Europe of many thousand lives. He was always hoping to arouse sympathy in the English Parliament where the Opposition were ready to plead his cause, if by so doing they could damage the Government. His "court" at Longwood was difficult to rule and caused equal trouble to himself and to Lowe. In one essential at least the English Governor showed generosity by raising Napoleon's allowances for his establishment from £8,000 to £12,000 per annum. This useful amelioration was forgotten in what Montholon described to Basil Jackson as the policy of Longwood, the policy of pouring into England pamphlets of grievances "chiefly levelled at the governor as the head and fount of all that was amiss." Mr. Watson has himself an amusing note on the use made of certain Jews in S. Helena in the secret transmission of letters to Europe. He constructs for his readers this picture of Piontkowski:

> "Bright-eyed, loose-lipped, gentle-mannered, simple-minded, receptive, romantic, susceptible, swayed up or down by the moment's impulse, and moved to smiles or tears with equal facility—a curious compound of the Slav's fanaticism, the Teuton's Schwärmerei, the Frenchman's vanity, the Oriental's resignation, and the Athenian's gossip-mongering—not a trace of the Roman about him. Withal an amiable and affectionate nature."

Piontkowski was at S. Helena from December 29th, 1815, to October 19th, 1816, when he was deported from the island by order of Bathurst and Lowe, partly because in his signed declaration he had abused the island and its climate, and partly because he had attempted to persuade a young English officer to carry information to Europe. Mr. Watson publishes from the Wilson papers letters written by the Pole after his return to England, in which he describes the life at Longwood. The most interesting portions of these deal with Napoleon himself:

> "No man can be more abstemious than he: it is his practice to rise from table with appetite still left, and he drinks only about a quarter of a bottle of claret, mixed with water, at a meal; after dinner he has a small glass of wine of Constantia with the dessert. . . . Napoleon always rides the same horse, which he is very fond of, and caresses and calls his 'faithful,' and he is amused when the horse knows him from afar. . . . He spends the whole day in reading, writing, or dictating the memoirs of his life. The suite assembles at 6 p.m. in the saloon, when the Emperor often speaks of his youth, of which he can recall the minutest circumstances. Even in those days the King of Corsica (Paoli) said: 'Napoleon, you are a man out of Plutarch.'"

Those who are attracted by medical details will find a long and minute account of the Emperor's last illness and death in a note by Mr. Watson. In fact the most valuable portion of the book is in the notes and disquisitions, the vivacious and rather fierce little character sketches, and the "spade-work" which has produced appendices containing facts which may at some future time prove of decisive importance in historical controversy.

Mr. Watson is of the school of writers who are determined that their style shall never be dull, and sometimes the determination is so obvious as to be rather depressing. He will use a phrase like "We must return to our wethers." His writing is virile, he coins words and phrases, (for example, "she had no friends on a crumenal basis") and is a notable polyglot; but he is also at times slangy, allusive and topical, and sometimes tortures our poor mother tongue. When he is dealing with other writers upon S. Helena he becomes a very Dervish of criticism. Forsyth particularly excites him: "licensed fosterling of Themis that he is, he clutches at the scales and claps them on to your eyes!" M. Masson receives a stately compliment, and some severe blows, particularly for his innuendoes against the wife of Piontkowski. Mr. Watson finishes his account of that lady's life during her husband's absence in this triumphant exclamation—"might every grass widow give so clear an account of her late movements when her lord and master comes clattering home from abroad!"

WALFORD D. GREEN.

* "A Polish Exile with Napoleon." Embodying the Letters of Captain Piontkowski to General Sir Robert Wilson and many Documents from the Lowe Papers, Colonial Office Records, Wilson Manuscripts, Capel Lofft Correspondence, and French and Genevese Archives hitherto unpublished. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. 12s. 6d. net. (Harper.)

AN INJURED QUEEN.*

Though much has been written about the wrongs and sorrows of Queen Caroline, and she has her place, of course, in all the histories of her time, during the last ninety years only two books have been devoted exclusively to the surprising, rather sordid, very baffling story of her unhappy life. The first was written by an Italian professor; and here in these two handsome volumes of Mr. Melville's, we have the second. Whether Caroline was guilty of anything worse than careless talking and indiscreet behaviour it is impossible to say with certainty; Mr. Melville inclines to give her the benefit of the doubt—for there is a doubt, and a large one; but even if her guilt were sure, after reading Mr. Melville's vivid, sympathetic study of her character, and the whole story of her sufferings, one's blame is swallowed up in pity. Whatever her faults, she was amiable, kindly; her very carelessness and guileless outspokenness were continually delivering her into the hands of her enemies; she was surrounded by treacherous friends who were eager to curry favour with the Prince, her husband, by exaggerating and betraying her smallest follies and bearing false witness against her. And for the Prince himself, the fourth George, that "first gentleman in Europe," nothing in his discreditable career so utterly discredits him as his mean, boorish and heartless treatment of the woman he had married. Mr. Melville has done his work carefully and well; his pictures of the life of the period, and of its leading personalities are admirably drawn; he has laid all reliable authorities under contribution and been enabled, moreover, to enrich his book with some hitherto unpublished documents. He has handled his material with a narrative skill that makes "An Injured Queen," apart from its historical value, a romance of most poignant human interest.

Queen Caroline with her daughter, the Princess Charlotte.

From an engraving after R. Cosway.

From "An Injured Queen," by Louis Melville (Hutchinson).

EIGHT NEW NOVELS.

Whatever else may be lacking in modern fiction it is neither literary ability nor variety. During this month I have read—to speak only of novels one can recommend with some enthusiasm—"Wintering Hay,"[1] Mr. John Trevena's sombre but powerful Dartmoor romance, with its atmosphere of grim tragedy and vividly imagined narrative of disastrous passion; "The Considine Luck,"[2] a delightfully idyllic love story, that runs a chequered course and by the way gives occasion for some very ably realised pictures of Irish life and the drollery, tenderness, pride and fine simplicities of Irish character; Mr. Charles McEvoy's exhilaratingly fresh and clever comedy of a chivalrous elopement,[3] which ends in a fashion that disillusions and shocks you with surprise, though it is the absolutely fitting end for it; "Branston Heath,"[4] which will please you if you are a good democrat by its high idealism and the profound sincerity of conviction with which it handles the land laws and the terrible problems of modern poverty; "Love's Pilgrimage,"[5] that is somewhat reminiscent of the anonymous "Diary of Arthur Stirling," with which Mr. Upton Sinclair practically started his literary career, but the later story shows what remarkable progress he has made in the mastery of his art. A real passion burns in his love episodes; he touches on the most delicate mysteries of life with a fine spiritual insight; and if his minute presentment of the character of a man of genius sometimes irritates you this is not to say that the picture is not amazingly true. You may or may not sympathise with Mr. Sinclair's fierce attacks on our social conventions, but you can scarcely fail to be taken with the beauty and originality of his story.

"Out of the Wreck I Rise," "The Adventures of Miss Gregory," and "Halcyone," have nothing in common with each other except that each is, I think, the best book its author has yet given us. Plots never count for so much in Miss Harraden's novels as her indefinable charm of style, and the rare gift she has of creating character and atmosphere. Her study of the temperament of that little great man Adrian Steel,[6] is a subtle and admirable piece of work. Crudely speaking, Adrian is dishonest and dishonourable; when, as a dramatic agent, he has cheated his clients out of huge sums of money and is on the verge of discovery and disaster, he does not dream of confiding in his neglected wife, but turns for advice and help to two women whom he had loved and tired of and thrown over years ago. One is a widow now and devoted to social work; the other, morose, level-headed, rather unscrupulous, carries on business in Soho as a dealer in antique jewellery. Both of them still cherish his memory, and when he comes back to them, they forgive him at once, and their love of him and jealousy of each other flame up again, and they are ready to sacrifice themselves and go any lengths to serve him and save him from ruin.

"Halcyone,"[7] is as far removed as anything could be from those witty, smart society novels that have placed Mrs. Elinor Glyn among our most popular novelists. Wise beyond her years, with the heart of a child, the soul of a mystic, and looking on life always with fearless and innocent eyes, Halcyone, both as girl and as woman, is the strangest, most lovable and delightful of heroines, and this story of her life and of the coming of love into it is clothed in a dream-like beauty and intensely alive with interest. It

* "An Injured Queen: Caroline of Brunswick." By Lewis Melville. 2 Vols. 24s. (Hutchinson.)

[1] "Wintering Hay." By John Trevena. 6s. (Constable.)

[2] "The Considine Luck." By H. A. Hinkson. 6s. (Stephen Swift.)

[3] "Brass Faces." By Charles McEvoy. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

[4] "Branston Heath." By C. Reginald Enock. 6s. (Dent.)

[5] "Love's Pilgrimage." By Upton Sinclair. 6s. (Heinemann.)

[6] "Out of the Wreck I Rise." By Beatrice Harraden. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

[7] "Halcyone." By Elinor Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)

is no small thing to say that "The Adventures of Miss Gregory"[8] is a better book than "Souls in Bondage," but in the quiet strength of its workmanship, its tense dramatic force, and the sense of effortless ease with which it is written I think it goes beyond that memorable earlier volume. Miss Gregory is "one of those disconcerting women who combine a mannish charm with an entirely feminine strength of personality," and she travels about the world, an understanding, observant, purposeful creature, seeking material for a book she is writing, and always ready to intervene in the affairs of others and help any who are in need of it. Her twelve adventures cover a wide range of experience, and are related with great skill and imaginative force. Picturesque, vivid, crowded with incident, "The Adventures of Miss Gregory" are at once good literature and intensely interesting reading; outside the pages of Kipling, we have had no short stories of recent years that equal them in their constructive art, their knowledge of humanity, and the brilliant imaginative quality of their writing.

S. J.

TWO POETS.*

"The Clouds," like Mr. Doughty's last book, "The Cliffs," has been written under the very solemn belief that Britain is to be successfully invaded by Germany. Like "The Cliffs," the new book depicts what Mr. Doughty expects to take place unless we have a strong, perpetual Conservative Government, hundreds of Dreadnoughts, Super-Dreadnoughts, Ultra-Dreadnoughts, conscription, pills to purge democracy, and so on. I have not the least idea whether Mr. Doughty is a false prophet, and, if so, whether the War Office or the Admiralty is aware of his existence, but I hope that thousands of patriots, Conservatives, and Germanophobes, will buy his book when they hear that he blows the last trump of patriotism. Only thus does it seem still possible that Mr. Doughty's poetry might be discovered. Nor would it be a false alarm. For Mr. Doughty is probably the most completely patriotic of English poets. His epic poem, "The Dawn in Britain," treats this island as sacred, and the birth of the idea of British nationality as a holy and mighty thing, and the poem is worthy of the conception. It is no wonder, then, that fear for his country should move him with a religious emotion, a holy wrath, a prophetic pity and dread. Already, in "The Cliffs," he has shown that his conviction has not spoilt his poetry, though it has led it into strange places, far away from Brennus and Caractacus, among German aeroplanists and newsboys calling "*Piper!*" He is a patriot as not even Wordsworth or Milton was, as, perhaps, no Englishman of his class has been since Elizabeth's time. When he speaks we understand that "The Faërie Queene" is not mere poetry. For him Britain is an abode of spirits, men, elves, birds and flowers, which are all children of the divine idea of Britain. He has spoken with the "Muse of Britain." She has answered him, and has, in fact, inspired this book by giving him a vision of what is to come.

The book is a narrative broken up in a not wholly satisfactory way by dialogue, merely to avoid oblique narration. Since only a tiny sacred band has bought "The Cliffs," it is useless to compare "The Clouds" with it. "The Clouds" opens with an indignant lament over this "negligent isle," warning it that never yet has an invader been repulsed from it. A perfectly distinct description follows of the "Muses' Garden," where Cædmon and Chaucer and Spenser dwell. Spenser is the English poet most venerated by Mr. Doughty, and as is natural, this book of "The Muses' Garden" is very Spenserean in language and feeling, but with touches of a sublimity and activity which were beyond that poet. The Muse shows him Britain invaded, and gives him the power to follow "from day to day, with eye and ear" some one among the sufferers. Presently the scene narrows to a workman's family driven by German fire out of their town, and now sitting in a field round a fire of sticks, bidding farewell to one Carpenter, their "gentleman lodger." Him it is that Mr. Doughty is permitted to follow in his long walk homewards from the burned town, up through Ely, Stamford and Dove Dale, and then, finding his mother fled from the invaders, into Wales. The intruding dialogue, good in itself, makes the progress of the narrative uneasy, but granting Mr. Doughty —as the Muse has done—his style and his vision, there is no other fault. Carpenter's journey is through country not much directly afflicted by the invasion, but at every road and at every village he sees hunger, anxiety, sometimes despair, much confusion and dark uncertainty. Now and then a soldier or a sailor brings bad news. At inns and waysides men share news and views. Thus, through Carpenter and those whom he meets, a various and lively picture of the fighting and the effects of it is given. Several of the characters are drawn with some care and always with a manly archaic charm—a publican, a magistrate, a pedlar, a parson, a preacher, several officers, and a councillor gipsying on the banks of the Dove. Now and then companies of soldiers cross his path:

> "Erect, alert, the young men hardily pass."

Some of the fields are trodden bare, but the book lacks no loveliness of Nature:

> "Leap glad-eyed children hither, gathering posies;
> Sweet violet, cicely, dainty ladies' smocks;
> With jacinth, medleyed in the thicket grass. . . ."

When the angler in the Dove talks of Izaak Walton and sings a song between a herdgroom and a milkmaid—

> "Thine eyes ben two cornflowers, they ben so blue"

—it is hard to remember that we are in a country at the edge of famine and destruction, and harder to realise that we are in the twentieth century, where

> "Each party outbiddeth other in the State;
> That sinks or swims, but through the greedy vote,
> Of blind, vindictive, Mafeking populace."

In any case, it is a century where the League of Patriots have "Patria" broidered on their caps by women's hands, and a Welsh bard speaks as in the morning of the world, albeit his fairies are as certainly not Welsh as they are certainly good; but not so good as the English fairies in "The Cliffs."

The book ends inconclusively:

> "The rest untold, no living tongue can speak."

The war is not at an end: "Britain begins, in airmanship, to excel," and has some success by sea. Perhaps the trumpet note has waked to some purpose "virtue, manhood, fortitude of idle Britain," or the patriot Bard could bear no more of the horror. The end is not unsatisfactory. Even in a paraphrase the poem would justify itself as an imaginative forecast. The majestic, steady spirit of the poet makes it something altogether beautiful, in which the prophetic, the realistic and the idyllic are combined. The dignity and sweetness are Spenser's as well as Mr. Doughty's, the sublimity and homeliness are his own, and peculiarly his own. At the same time, I hope that he is tired of airships and invasions.

Mr. Clinton Scollard has written fifty amorous epigrams, and seven or eight times he has succeeded so well that the writing—and the reading—of the others has not been wasted. If I give two examples I shall make it clear at once to a reader of any experience what Mr. Scollard's merits and limitations are. The twelfth is:

> "A wondrous book is El Koran,
> A book the loving Faithful prize;
> Its treasured pages show to man
> An open path to Paradise.
>
> "I con the words of El Koran,
> Yet when I look within her eyes,
> Somehow I deem that I can scan
> A nearer path to Paradise."

[8] "The Adventures of Miss Gregory." By Perceval Gibbon. 6s. (Dent.)

* "The Clouds." By Charles M. Doughty. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

"Songs of a Syrian Lover." By Clinton Scollard. 1s 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The twenty-fourth is :

"All the wonder Nebo's summit shows,
All the flawless crown of Hermon's snows,

"All the vernal bloom of Gennesar,
All the bubbling springs of Kerf Hawar,

"All of Omar's mosque, it's glow and grace,
What are they if I only see her face!"

A clear, pointed thought neatly and briefly expressed in rhyme is not poetry, but is always a justification for verse. Sometimes it can reflect, as it were, poetry itself, as in the forty-fifth of these :

"As I go up, as I go down,
From khan to khan, from town to town,
I meet with names of old renown.
I envy not the mighty dead ;
Enough for me if, o'er my head,
He was her lover!—it be said."

Outside of Landor, such epigrams are not easy to find, and inside they are not always better. But fifty is enough unless Mr. Scollard has other impersonations within his range. As a Syrian lover he is charming, though I know nothing of Syria.

EDWARD THOMAS.

IN FORBIDDEN CHINA.*

It is not from many books of travel that the reader rises with the wish that there were more. This is decidedly the feeling produced by the account of the D'Ollone Mission in 1906–1909 through China, Tibet and Mongolia. One regrets parting from the brave Frenchman, with his child-like longing to do something no one has done before, always most naïvely expressed, so that one's heart aches with his when he had at last reached San-tao-ho, with temples "rivalling those of Ellora," "a marvellous phantasmagoria," "fantastic vision," etc., and running through a bundle of journals finds an account of them by M. Chavannes, his predecessor by six months. It must have somewhat mitigated his disappointment that M. Chavannes was a Frenchman, but it never seems to have occurred to him that there might be other predecessors of whom he had not happened to hear. In Lolo-land, which apparently gives its name to the book, he never refers to Mr. Pollard, the English missionary friend of the Lolos. There is only a footnote about Colonel Davies, whose admirable map of this whole region, prepared for our War Office, would make it possible to follow the author in his divagations from the regular roads through the district. With the miserable attempt at a map issued with this volume, even to one knowing the country tolerably familiarly, it has been impossible to ascertain the whereabouts of the mission's wanderings. This has been made no easier by the peculiarities of the translation. It is just as strange in an English book to write of "the Yunnan," "the Szechuan," as it would be to write of "the Yorkshire," "the Middlesex," and, though we do call one river the Red River just as the French do, what they call the Blue River is known by us as the Yangtse. There are also several sentences intelligible only if one thinks what a word for word translation into French would mean.

These defects do not, however, spoil the breezy delight with which the Vicomte describes the dangers he encountered by travelling routes generally considered too disagreeable. In the end he enumerates his gains.

"Two thousand photographs of types, costumes, monuments, and characteristic landscapes ; more than 200 complete anthropological mensurations ; 46 vocabularies of non-Chinese dialects ; 4 dictionaries of native characters previously unknown or undeciphered ; 32 Lolo manuscripts ; 225 inscriptions relating to historical events, in Chinese, Sanscrit, Tibetan, Mongol, Manchu, Arabic, and Lolo ; the almost unique and undiscoverable monographs of forty-two cities ; numerous weapons, utensils, examples of pottery, currency, paintings ; and finally an abundant harvest of observations. The whole mass of our documents could not be presented in less than seven volumes."

One wonders a little what the French word translated "undiscoverable" was, but this is a goodly mass to have brought back, and it will be particularly interesting to learn what has been ascertained about those most delightful Si Fan, or Western barbarians, whose young men appeared as modest and gentlemanly as they certainly were beautiful. And this leads to another ungracious comment. The Vicomte himself regrets that some of the, as he says, very fine-looking men, they met, do not look well in their photographs. They certainly do not. It is unfortunate travellers will persist in photographing men unaccustomed to cameras—therefore with their mouths open and their foreheads all in furrows—and with the further drawback as a rule of having the scorching sun full upon their faces, a position becoming to no man, and then palm off these photographs upon us as showing types. But the book is a charming record of adventurous travel with some distinctly purple patches towards the end describing the Dalai Lama and his retinue, when the author had the singular good luck to travel with his very motley and picturesque following on their memorable journey to Peking. This is indeed, perhaps, the most interesting portion of a very agreeable book which does not leave us much the wiser, all the author's researches being kept for less popular volumes. Why are not books of this kind given to boys instead of the blood and thunder imaginations on which they are now so fed up, that their overstimulated fancy seems afterwards unequal to anything but tit-bits and cricket scores ?

"China As It Really Is" does not err on the side of giving too much information (201 short pages on Europe as it really is could not tell us very much), but if there is a demand for a light volume about the largest country in the world, the home of a quarter of the human races, this is a very well printed volume on excellent paper. There are twenty two chapters ; that on "Honesty, Commercial and Private" occupies two and a half pages, and in it we find this rather remarkable paragraph :

"The final appeal in China is always to public opinion ; in England, to the mere letter of the law. Honesty is the best policy for all in China. In England honesty is the best policy—for dull people only. The astute financier and company promoter, whose cleverness in skirting the law has enabled him to amass a fortune, is by no means a rarity in England : he could not exist in China."

During four years of absence from China rumours have reached me that Chinese business morals have already been greatly deteriorated by intercourse with Europeans, it is comforting to hear that this is not really so. The author seems not to have mixed in Chinese family life ; he is certainly quite wrong in attributing so little influence to women, who are the dread of every foreigner attempting to buy land in China, and of whom Chinese men have always struck me as curiously afraid. With regard to a great many other big subjects he, however, seems as accurate as it is possible to be in such small compass, for did not "Chinese Characteristics" Smith once say, "It is impossible to open one's month to say the truth about China without telling a lie at the same time." Little girls did not, however, have their feet bandaged in their first or second years. As a portly official once said to me across the dinner-table, "The paw little things must have two years to run." It is about men's matters the author is best informed—the Law, and the causes that led to the revolution ; but is it not significant that it is China he is writing about, and he has to devote two chapters to Etiquette ? We alas ! have not much to write about in England with the School Board training the nation, yet manners in a nation's life play the same part as oil in machinery, and without them there must be ever increasing friction.

MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

* "In Forbidden China." By Vicomte D'Ollone. Translated from the French of the Second Edition by Bernard Miall. 15s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"China As It Really Is." By a resident in Peking. 2s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

JOHN BUCHAN'S STORIES.*

One feels, in beginning to write of this book, that one should in the first place fill a pipe. The stories are by no means such as tell themselves in smoke-rooms only, but the various supposed narrators and the characters have got a habit of postponing their remarks until their pipes are filled. From this you will be able to deduce, a little roughly, what is Mr. Buchan's entertainment, and yet he does not portray the merely stolid hero. In the "Kings of Orion," for instance, we are told of Tommy Lascelles who misgoverned Deira, for his heart was in remote Bokhara and was threatening the walls of Samarkand. All this, however, was applied in time of trouble, very picturesquely, to assuage Deira. Everything turns out extremely well, but in this tale we have an illustration of imperfect methods. The short story is a thing so difficult to compass, it has rules as inexorable as the sonnet's; and to have red herrings on the path is quite taboo. We here are introduced to Thirlstone and another sportsman who have met in several tight places and are now in a small inn somewhere in Scotland for the fishing. Enter the landlord who announces that one Captain Wiston is expected. Thirlstone wants to leave, at all events he lets his pipe go out, because the Captain in '99 had behaved very badly; in fact the *somebody else* which inhabits each of us had come to the surface: "when the kings were driven out of Orion, they were sent to this planet and given each his habitation in some mortal soul." This leads Thirlstone to tell the excellent yarn of Tommy, but the point is that the dark allusions to Wiston, of whom we hear no more, should not have been made. That is the inferiority of English as compared with French short stories; the best of our neighbours do not allow anything to be lost in the smoke. And Mr. Buchan deserves to be talked of in the same room as the best of short-story writers. He can lead up to a dramatic point with great artistry, he can make his story one artistic whole, as for instance in "The Lemnian," which is perhaps the most interesting of this collection. The local colour is not obtrusively laid on and the whole conception is unusual and attractive. Mr. Buchan deals more frequently with his own native land, the Border, and he is no less pre-occupied with what may happen on the borderland of matter and spirit. "Leithen stopped to refill his pipe," and the resulting story holds us to the end; but more interesting is the South African tale entitled "The Grove of Ashtaroth." Tremendous deeds are done, there is no time for smoking, that is to say, when the story gets up to the climax. Before that: "I was disinclined for dinner, so I had a cutlet in the library and sat smoking till my tongue ached." In this tale the descriptions of tropical nature and sub-tropical human nature are exceedingly well done, and there is much elusive beauty. Nor do these attributes exhaust Mr. Buchan, for in "A Lucid Interval" he shows a very pretty power of satire which Liberals will be the first to enjoy. These stories have nearly all been printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, so that a certain high standard of workmanship, research and a genial attitude will not be far to seek. And they are interesting to such an extent that now and then your pipe will go out. The interspersed poems are very well done, though they were not written, perhaps, because they had to be; there is more mystery and beauty, as a rule, in the stories. And one of the finest stories is the first: "The Company of the Marjolaine," which is supposed to be told in a series of letters by a gentleman making the Grand Tour of Europe. The point of view is exactly caught and altogether apart from the extraordinary old man, *de jure* King of England, and the emissaries who came to the Tre Croci to offer him the American crown, this is a story you cannot afford to miss. Mr. Buchan in print is a good companion; no less good he must be, one supposes, in the flesh when he is stalking, fishing, looking at some Border scenery or smoking in some Border inn.

H. B.

* "The Moon Endureth." By John Buchan. 6s. (Blackwood.)

A SAILOR POET.*

Somehow or other the sea that beats upon our shores has given little of its savour to the poetic literature of our race. We have had quite a large number of prose writers with imaginations stirred by the wonders of the deep, but very few of our poets have been sailormen. There was a chance of our poetry being enriched with something new and strange when Thomas Lodge took to seafaring; but the mind of the Elizabethan poet turned landward, and with the waves breaking over the ship and wetting the paper as he wrote, he composed the pretty idyll of forest life that Shakespeare adapted into "As You Like It." Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"—the work of a landsman—has more of the magic of the sea in it than anything written since the far-off age when the old Anglo-Saxon poets gazed in wondering terror at the "whale's path," down which their people were rowing to the conquest of England.

An old Isle of Wight pilot said of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" that it was the work of a man who had only seen the sea from the shore. That is the point of view from which most of the poets of our island race have written about seafaring life. Byron is still our most vivid poet of the sea, though Swinburne has some magnificent marine pictures—Turneresque effects of foam and light and thunder-cloud. It is long since an actual sailorman tried to sing of the things he felt and saw in his hard, rough and adventurous career. Prose yarns there are in plenty, some of them beautifully and subtly told, but few sailors have had a veritable gift for verse. This is why Mr. J. E. Patterson's "The Lure of the Sea" is remarkable. It is informed with the knowledge won by years of actual experience of sea life in all parts of the world. And this knowledge flashes out in little touches of life that none but a sailor could use. Here is a fine character sketch:

> "The host—
> A man of lumbering middle, big of voice
> And oath, his face a dipping sun, and limbs
> Like toughened spars—had spent the most of life
> 'Twixt heaven and changing seas; whereof he told,
> At times, such tales as few believed."

No landsman could have done that. The fact that the man is a character in a classic poem in which Pluto figures in a villainous rôle, does not detract from the merits of the work. Mr. Patterson says in his preface that during a spell of vagabondage along the coasts of Greece, he fell asleep one afternoon on the shore, and dreamt that some ancient pirates beached their galley on the spot, and offered up a sacrifice. Out of this dream he has made a strange tale of sailor life in the Ægean two thousand years ago. The pirates pass by an altar to Pluto, and mock at the idea of worshipping a god with no power at sea. Unfortunately, Pluto hears them, and, disguised as a seaman, joins the crew, and tries to wreck the galley. He induces some mermaids to tempt the pirates to ruin, but the men are so drunk that they do not hear the weird songs of the sea-sprites. Then a tempest rises, and though the sirens sing on, the pirates are too hard at work to listen to them. But when the wind lulls, and the men are resting after their toil, a mermaid sings them to sleep, while Pluto steers the galley on to the rocks.

Into this wild, curious and original fairy tale, Mr. Patterson pours much of the living and actual romance of seafaring life. Sometimes we get a jolly chanty, from the boatswain of the pirates' galley, about a voyage to Britain where he saw a mermaid and was wrecked. It is this chanty that brings about the final disaster, for the boatswain's yarn was not founded on fact, and, as every sailor knows, a man who falsely boasts of having heard a mermaid sing, hears one the next time he goes to sea, and dies. At other times we have a chorus of a classic sort, such as that beginning:

> "God of yonder rolling seas,
> (Swing the offering altar-high!)
> God of calm and full-sail breeze,
> Hear thy seamen cry."

* "The Lure of the Sea." By J. E. Patterson. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

Quite in another vein is the grim modern ballad of the "Ocean Kite," that occurs among the shorter verses at the end of the volume:

"Royals in and staysails fast,
Up she stood like fair renown!
Bows into it, on she passed,
Making tracks for Hoogli's town.
Sixteen knots an hour—her proud fleet's prouder flower—
A-running of her easting down."

At the price of two men's lives, the skipper made Calcutta with two days to spare. We want more ballads of sea life from Mr, Patterson. E. W.

HOMES OF GREAT LONDONERS.*

It would easily be possible to make a book of this kind very doleful, and the writers are not far to seek who would have moralized us out of patience. On the one hand we would be invited to consider how these famous houses in too many instances decline on evil days, whereas the moralizer would have pointed out to us that where the genius has all

From "Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London" (Dent).

too often been neglected it is hardly decent to regard his habitation. We are prone to look upon that side of literary people which has no concern with literature; we may not have perused the novels of Miss Blank, but we are glad to read the morbid chronicler who tells us that she lives in Essex and is honorary captain of a fire-brigade. We may be so far interested in the lady, after learning of her ways and her accomplishments, that we proceed to take up one of her romances. This is certainly a step to recommend, for we shall either put her and her works behind us evermore, we shall resist the further blandishments of chroniclers who yearn to tell us what the damsel most affects in motor-cars, in marmalades and men; or we shall find that, after all, her books delight us, and we shall be anxious to learn more of her who wrote them. Mr. Adcock does not deal with writers of to-day, he deals with writers and with artists who are living and who, many of them, will continue to survive so long as England lives. Of course they were but seldom prosperous, as ironmasters would define prosperity, and yet it does not follow that their earthly dwelling was not such as they preferred. In any case the spirit of the dweller and the spirit of the place will have had their communion with each other—and in speaking of such sensitive inhabitants one may put stress on that phenomenon—the house will help us to our understanding of the man. In Mr. Adcock's treatment of the subject there is something very human. Those whom he celebrates are people who inhabited, happily or otherwise, their London houses; but were by no means indifferent to their surroundings. And the point of view is not that of the labourer who shouted to his mate a strong opinion as to Carlyle's sanity when he beheld the old man at his door behaving in a certain way to an Italian organ-grinder. It is good to have these glorious men and women thus described as householders and lodgers; who can tell when all these houses which remain with us will be taken to the other side of the Atlantic? We are not the kind of people—I need scarcely say—who read such books as this because we merely want to pry into the great man's privacy, as I have shown above we are philosophers, the subject being a more difficult, a more momentous *sartor resartus*. Yet there is a good deal to be said for those who have no higher purpose than to read a book of anecdotes. The illustrations are not so idealised, so fitted out with scrolls and flourishes as has become the habit of some architectural artists. It appears to me that Mr. Frederick Adcock has adhered as closely to the truth as has his brother, when he might have followed certain bad, though picturesque, examples, whose appropriateness one would never call in question if it were to illustrate a "Two to Nowhere," or some other of this writer's fairy volumes. Those who live away from London will especially appreciate these clever pictures, which convey the truth and nothing but the truth. No doubt that can be said of most of the exhibits in the architectural room of the Academy, but they do not attract, and certainly these illustrations do. As we read this present book, whose information is so curious and so charming, we shall take more pride in London. The Americans, of course, will be encountered in the motor chars-à-bancs, with one eye on this book, another on the famous houses.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

* "Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London." By A. St. John Adcock. With 72 Illustrations by Frederick Adcock. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

LADY SHELLEY'S DIARY.*

"The Diary of Lady Shelley," which has just been issued under the able editorship of her grandson, Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, is a book to be thankful for. It is entirely unpretentious, but the personal charm of the author is reflected throughout the volume, not a page of which the most hardened person in the art of skipping would wish to leave unread. The book, which is edited and annotated with admirable discretion, contains a short autobiography of Lady Shelley's earlier years, and carries the diary down to March, 1817; but we hope, from what Mr. Edgcumbe says in his preface, that he may be encouraged to give us further portions of his grandmother's diary. The varied nature of its contents may be gathered from some of the editor's remarks:

"We are brought quite naturally into the intimate society of the Empress Marie Louise, the Countess of Albany, Metternich, Canova, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Brougham, and many others well known to fame. In these pages the facile pen of a brilliant woman inspired by unquenchable enthusiasm has given us a fresh and faithful picture of Society in the reign of George III."

Frances Lady Shelley, the only daughter and heiress of Thomas Winckley, of Preston, a wealthy Lancashire land-owner, was born in 1787, and survived until 1870. She was only six years old when she lost her father, and long before his death he had become disgusted with the factories that were rising in the neighbourhood of Preston. "Proud Preston," as it was called, because it was the winter residence of the nobility and the county families. An anecdote illustrating his grand sense of dignity is quoted by his daughter. One morning on going to the fishmonger as

* "The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1787–1817." Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgcumbe. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

usual to select his fish for dinner, he found himself forestalled in the purchase of the finest turbot by a Mr. Horrocks, a cotton-spinner. Mr. Winckley thereupon pronounced Preston no longer a fit place for the residence of a gentleman, and in a towering passion he left his old house never again to return. Mrs. Thomas Winckley was a beautiful but rather worldly woman, who had made a previous marriage. She was in turns impetuously devoted to, or singularly neglectful of, her child; she was fond of dress, cards and other pleasures, and after Mr. Winckley's death she married again.

Frances Winckley grew up a very beautiful and high-spirited girl, and her natural gifts, no less than her fortune, attracted many *prétendants*. She confesses to coquetting a good deal, and she even went so far as to accept the hand of a middle-aged widower; but no sooner had she consented to be his wife than she repented, and gave him his *congé*, which he received with such fury that made her realize she had had a most providential escape.

Matchmakers, however, were busy on her account, and they had determined to marry her off to Sir John Shelley, a fascinating rake, a votary of the Turf and card-table, and seventeen years her senior, whom she describes at her first meeting as "a distinguished-looking young man, with powder covering a rather bald head of hair." He was sixth baronet of the senior creation, and of course only distantly related to the poet, who does not appear in Lady Shelley's story in the present volume. At first there seemed little likelihood of anything coming of the affair, for Sir John did not show much interest in the girl, and she, like a well brought up young person, declared that "it was not possible for me to confess an attachment to a man who had not proposed to marry me. I would not allow myself to feel any deep affection for one who, after all, might only be amusing himself at my expense." Moreover, her half-brother, who acted as her guardian, so far from favouring the suit, on account of the baronet's reputation refused to visit him or ask him to his house. But all these difficulties were at length surmounted, and Frances Winckley became Lady Shelley at the age of twenty. She refers to Sir John as her warm-hearted husband, and gives several instances of his generosity; but she is also frank in describing his peccadillos. It speaks much for her innate goodness of heart when we learn that she succeeded in managing this wild creature, to whom she was so much devoted; her task, however, could hardly have been a sinecure. Many weary nights she passed in waiting for his return while he was squandering his money at the whist-table, where sometimes he contrived to lose thousands at a sitting and often prolonged his play until daylight.

The most interesting portion of "Lady Shelley's Diary" is probably that which describes her friendship with the Duke of Wellington. He was far from insensible to the charm of a pretty woman, and he paid her marked attention from the first. Her admiration for the Duke was very sincere, and, as Mr. Edgcumbe says, her portrait of him "in 1815, as he appeared in private life, is an especially valuable contribution to our knowledge of that great man, of whom in his private capacity so little has been written."

Lady Shelley first met the Duke in 1814, after his return from Spain, when he was being fêted and dined everywhere; she describes his manner as formal, and at a first introduction very imposing. But none of his victories and honours had succeeded in turning his brain, and "he retained," she adds, "that simplicity of character and manner which is still his distinguishing excellence." Immediately after the battle of Waterloo the Shelleys visited France, where they renewed their acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington in Paris. On their arrival Sir John went at once to call on the Duke, and within half an hour he returned to call on Lady Shelley, who in describing the meeting says:

"Even in those days Wellington, in London, was treated almost as a sovereign prince. His conversations conferred distinction, his wish was law. And yet what were his former triumphs by comparison with Waterloo? Here was a man, in the very midst of his camp, only a fortnight after that battle, walking unattended from his palace to call upon *me* the moment that he heard of my arrival in Paris! Wellington entered the room looking as simple and unobtrusive as usual. I must admit that my enthusiasm for this great soldier was so great that I could not utter one word; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I restrained my tears."

Lady Shelley saw a good deal of the Duke, and even rode his famous charger "Copenhagen." She has preserved many of Wellington's sayings, but space will not allow me to quote more than the following examples: In speaking of the losses at Waterloo the Duke said, "I hope to God that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that next to a battle lost the greatest misery is a battle gained."

Wellington, like Napoleon, believed that he was specially protected by Providence, but he also said "It is experience that gives me the advantage over every other officer. Nothing new can happen to me, and I always feel confident that I shall succeed. The troops feel the same confidence in me. For that reason I firmly believe that if anything had happened to me at Waterloo the battle was lost." Wellington related that, just before Waterloo, he was making the above observation to Lord Uxbridge, who soon after was hit by a ball. The Duke added: "It must have passed over me, or my horse. But the finger of God was upon me!"

ROGER INGPEN.

Novel Notes.

THE LITTLE BLUE DEVIL. By Dorothea Mackellar and Ruth Bedford. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Tony, the "little Blue Devil," so named from one of Kipling's delightful ballads, is a much more credible creation than Antoine-Hugues-Phillipe-Ste.-Croix, Lord Trent, facing death in the Australian desert so that his cousin Pamela, as yet an unknown quantity to him, may enjoy the title and estates that rightly belong to him. Motherless, and the outcast son of an original ruffian of a father who leaves him to shift for himself in Paris when he is but ten years old, he becomes by turns cabin-boy on a French fruit-boat, boots at a hotel in Cairo, victim of the Legree-like manager of a New Zealand sheep station, cattle-drover in Australia, tramp, sailor, taxi-driver, engineer, and what-not in various parts of the globe; and we follow his adventures with the interest that attaches to all stories of unconventional vagabondage, especially as they are described with a knowledge of the world and of men and women. His struggles against the odds are depicted with vigour and humour: the born fighter develops before our eyes. When he comes under the influence of Allison, the sweet-natured child-wife of a Philadelphia professor of Greek, we touch with him the shores of old romance. We admire him also during his brief "fling" in London, to which he devotes his hard-won savings. But when he learns by chance of his real identity and runs away into the unknown again, and Pamela, in a sense, follows suit, the many arms of coincidence are stretched like nothing so much as the trade routes on a commercial map of the world. After Pamela has gone through adventures in California as painful in their way as her cousin's in New Zealand, the two meet again unexpectedly in Brisbane, and all ends happily. The style of the book is original and the humour is both mordant and kindly; and no one who takes it up is likely to put it aside unfinished.

A CANDIDATE FOR TRUTH. By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Any serious reader of fiction when he closes this book will watch with keen interest for Mr. Beresford's next novel. Mr. Beresford can invent a story interesting throughout,

though never exciting or sensational, the plot in fact being always subordinate to the character development of the *dramatis personæ*. His style has distinction, to which his ironic (though never bitter) humour gives an agreeable flavour. He appears to understand and to have a certain liking for all his characters. The reader will admit that he is suprisingly broad-minded, though he has a few obvious prejudices. Only once has he any bitterness which he seems to share with his hero, Jacob Stahl, against his successful elder brother Eni, in every other instance he makes out some sort of a case for the actions and motives of his characters. In these days when most people are content with a small achievement Mr. Beresford is to be congratulated because he has not feared to attempt something big and because success has crowned his attempt. "A Candidate for Truth," is Vol. II. of a Trilogy of which Vol. I. "The Early History" of Jacob Stahl was published last year. But Vol. II. ends at the beginning of a new era in Jacob's life, and we are led to hope that after much tribulation, Vol. III. will show that he has at length found himself. "A Candidate for Truth" is complete in itself but most readers will want to learn the early history of Jacob. "The Early History" seems to us on the whole the better book of the two, though it contains nothing equal to the sketch of Cecil Barker. Biographies would be much more interesting and life-like if Mr. Beresford's method was adopted by which his hero is shown moving about and living in an actual world, not standing alone on a solitary pedestal; yet (as befits a biography) the hero is always the chief person, the other characters are always fittingly subordinate. Cecil Barker is the most original character in the present volume, and at the same time very true to life. He is in reality an entirely stupid person, having no real power in any direction, he cannot organise, is a poor preacher and makes no pretence to be a thinker or a theologian, yet by his personal magnetism he attracts all sorts of people and makes even clever, good people believe in him absolutely. It is only by actual close contact that those who admire him discover that his self-sacrifice and heroism are merely the manifestation of a relentless and cruel egotism. We should like very much to say something about every character in this book, who have become to us like familiar friends, but space forbids. In conclusion we would advise every one not only to read this volume, but to give it an honoured place on their shelves.

THE GREY TERRACE. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

The central figure in Mrs. Reynolds' latest story, which is the best and most convincing she has ever written, is a young doctor, Keith Trent, who goes down to Cornwall to take the place of a friend who is ill. He promptly falls in love with Maisie, who, with her Aunt Charlotte, is staying in the neighbourhood. At a picnic Maisie declares that she could never speak to a man who had killed another. It had happened that just before leaving London Trent saved a woman from a madman's murderous attack. The assailant died, and the young man's conscience was not easy, notwithstanding the assurance of a colleague, Dr. Jeanne Meynell, that death was due to epilepsy. The woman also goes to Cornwall, and sets out to blackmail Trent, who tells Maisie the whole sordid story, and is repulsed. How she learns the true worth of her lover is revealed in later chapters of the book, which is one we can unreservedly recommend. It is a clever story, and the characters are drawn ably and with genuine feeling. Dr. Jeanne is a particularly interesting study, a wholly lovable woman, in the view even of the Rev. Peter, who once regarded her as a "female doctor."

THE HOUSE OF ROBERSHAYE. By Emma Brooke. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"There came into a village in the North Country a man who had a picture in his mind," said Robert Robershaye, "just as I suppose artists have a picture in their minds before they begin to paint. His eyes saw the coal mines under the hills, and in them the fires for his boiler houses; he saw in the quarries the walls of his big factories, and in the valley where the brooks ran, and over the hills where the carriers muddled along with their strings of horses in bridle paths and through rough lanes, he saw streets and roads and houses filled by his operatives. Look at an artist now! He stops at canvas and colours. Our grandfather used the valleys and the hills for his picture, he conquered space and made it a road for water, called labourers and operatives round him, and turned the scattered hamlet into a swarming village. Out of his energy he became their provider and ruled them as no king nowadays can rule his subjects." Thus spoke Robert Robershaye of the founder of his house. But Ambrose said: "The aim of all this splendid industrial activity was and is no more than the winning of profits for the House of Robershaye. Our fortune was not raised without the sacrifice and maiming of human lives. Cotton spinning was founded and pursued in horrors until Government interference was necessary. Yet the spinning of cotton is really a wonderful thing. I would ask nothing better than to be director of such an industry, with an object really no less than the wide spreading of well-being. But at present the direct consequence of heaping and gathering for oneself is an industrial war of the few, it may be the single man, against the many." Robert and Ambrose were the heirs of Robershaye, and they were divided in their aims. Robert wished to adopt those methods of American millionaires and financiers that were to Ambrose criminal methods of heaping money. Ambrose loved "the strong confident aspiration, 'If we labour in Thy works with the sweat of our brows, Thou wilt make us partakers of Thy Vision and Thy Sabbath.'" Ambrose wins the victory through his death, and this is essential to the idea in the story; while Robert's mind is struck by conviction, as in "The Ring and the Book" the Pope declared Guido Franceschini might be struck by a suddenness of fate; Guido might "see, one instant, and be saved," the truth being flashed out by one blow. This is not the strongest in handling of her books, but perhaps that is because Miss Brooke has chosen to work upon a theme demanding rather the incisiveness of a man's touch than the less robust brushwork of the woman artist. It is unnecessary to say that the book is one to be read with pleasure, because it is well written. It is a book that must stand out also, because it is informed by a fine moral purpose.

THE GOOD GIRL. By Vincent O'Sullivan. 6s. (Constable.)

This is a strong and exasperatingly unpleasant story. Paul Vendred, the only son of a Jansenist Catholic mother and a pleasure-loving father, is left on a threshold of manhood with money, a Cambridge education, and the instincts of a gentleman to face the world. Romantic and weak in will, Vendred falls in love with a face at a concert. He hears the lady sing, finds out she is a Mrs. Dover, and in due time makes her acquaintance. Henceforth, Paul Vendred is the victim of Mrs. Dover's charm, and his property is the prey of Mrs. Dover's husband—a swindler, a liar, a blackguardly adventurer—a man as utterly base as his wife is utterly mercenary, easy going, and pitiless. Between them Vendred hasn't a chance. Do what he will, he cannot keep away from Mrs. Dover, and he marries Dover's daughter by an earlier wife rather than be shut out from the stepmother's society. The marriage, of course, was altogether unsuitable, but it turns out better than might have been expected, for Louise loves Paul, and he too, a kindly man, grows fond of her. But in a black moment, Mrs. Dover again overpowers him, and Vendred falls as he had never fallen before. Louise rushes off—not to be found till she is dead in a Paris hospital. Dover is last heard of in South America, and Mrs. Dover, married to a Signor Beleredi, is singing in an operatic company in Milan, when, for the last time, Vendred, living on very restricted means near Siena, meets her. It is all a very sombre, sordid study of certain temperaments, and why it is called "The Good Girl" we cannot imagine.

DENHAM'S. By Alexandra Watson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The story of a boy's experience at a crammer's school near Geneva. When a would-be reader is told that it contains an accident and the death of a boy, he or she may draw back. Matters of this kind become sentimental on the least provocation, in a school-story. Even Paul Dombey palls upon many just men in the company of Dickens' admirers. But Miss Watson has written a vital, fresh study of school-life. The boy who was born to be a painter and was pushed towards the Army by his stupid mother, the girl who dreaded growing up because it meant long skirts, Price the master, and even the German mistress of the establishment, are a delightful company. Miss Watson has mixed fun and seriousness, and her reward of Bella in the end is a pretty touch. The sub-title, "A Web of Life," is rather heavy for the plot, but it is almost justified by the last few chapters, which follow Ronald after he has left school, and round off the story of the principal characters. There is thought in the book, to the verge of sententiousness now and then. Still, the irrepressible spirits of the boys break through, and the total impression is thoroughly healthy.

THE DAMSEL DARK. By Clara Turnbull. 6s. (Melrose.)

This clever romance is, we understand, a first novel by a new writer, and narrowly escaped winning first place in Mr. Melrose's recent prize novel competition. Set in the troublous times of Stephen the Usurper, when Christ and his saints were said to be asleep, the story is told by Robin, the Red Earl's fool; and Robin tells his tale with wit and cunning, with sparkling philosophy and rare powers of lyrical expression. All unwilling, the Fool is despatched on his good mule Ogier with a contemptuous message from the Red Earl to his niece, the Lady of Tournoir, with whose fair name that lying wench Rumour has long been busy. "The Damsel Dark! why, she is feared afar, hath, 'tis said, a man's strength, a woman's cunning, and a witch's unholy power." Captivated by the charm of this mysterious sorceress, Robin enters her service, there to learn that his lady is no black witch, but the mirror of chivalry, the enlightened champion of the poor and oppressed, knight of knights, yet woman always with a woman's strength and a woman's weakness. The book is crammed with the joy of adventure; it glows with warmth and colour, and places the author at once among the ranks of those born story-tellers who have but to speak and the great story-loving public is at their feet in a moment.

OH! MY UNCLE: Being some Fun with an Undercurrent. By W. Teignmouth Shore. 3s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

The farcical in fiction is by no means so common that no one on the look-out for diversion should miss so excellent a manifestation of it as is given in Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore's new story. Those matter-of-fact folk who have neither the capacity nor the wish to "see a joke" may perhaps be warned at once to pass on to the next book, for they will find little to approve in "Oh! my Uncle," but all who can delight in fun, who can appreciate a kind of nonsensical drollery (with an undercurrent), who can enjoy a kind of ebullient good spirits enclosed within a book-cover, may be recommended to get hold of the volume, retire to a comfortable chair or a shady nook, and give themselves up to the author's guidance. They will be taken to the Bloomsbury lodgings, and to the well-equipped home of Uncle Daddy, and occasionally into Kensington Gardens or farther afield to Epping and elsewhere, but always they will be in cheerful, light-hearted and fanciful company. The story—for those who want "plot" and action—may be of the thinnest, but the people, Uncle Daddy, the prosperous professor of an unique profession, the imaginative (but a trifle *too* childish) Lucy, and the nephew Freddie-Fred are engagingly fresh and pleasant company, and their talk and doings are full of fun, while an appeal to the serious side of the reader is to be found in the satiric "undercurrent," which touches upon success and how it is brought about. It may be said that no imitation of Uncle Daddy's methods should be necessary to ensure the success of this book.

THE PRINCE AND BETTY. By P. G. Wodehouse. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

In "The Prince and Betty," Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has followed up the jolly success of "Love Among the Chickens" and "A Gentleman of Leisure." The book certainly makes as attractive a piece of light reading as we have come across for a long time, and from the delightful telegram of pages 3 and 4 to the last line its pleasantness and high spirits never fail. An enterprising financier is struck with the possibilities of Mervo, a tiny island in the Mediterranean. He determines to establish a casino on a palatial scale on that unspoilt spot, and his attempt to invest it with the air of romance that his advertising genius tells him is a necessity induces him to force John Maude upon the republican Mervians as their prince. The experiment succeeds for a time, and then Betty and other complications enter upon the scene. The reader may trust Mr. Wodehouse to see his hero the Prince safely out of the dilemma in which he is placed, and it is unnecessary for us to tell more of the plot. The book is written with all the *élan* of Mr. Wodehouse in his best mood, and even the grumpiest reader cannot fail to be amused by it. It is exactly the book for summer weather.

GEORGE WENDERN GAVE A PARTY. By John Inglis. 6s. (Blackwood.)

It is inevitable that the title of Mr. John Inglis's story should suggest that "barty" of Hans Breitmann's, which has become a household name, and to some readers the title, possibly by mere association of ideas, will also appear to promise a farcical or at least a humorous story. That Mr. Inglis is possessed of some measure of humour is certain, but his story is mainly a romance of deep love and high finance. A dishonest financial transaction forms the appropriately-shady background. A young Australian of means has been induced by a friend of old times of struggle to put a large sum into a certain Syndicate of a speciously attractive but highly speculative nature. This young Australian, George Wendern, lives in a handsome Kensington house, presided over by a lady housekeeper. He is neighboured by and falls in love with a charming young wealthy American. This happens just when a crisis in the Syndicate's affairs is approaching, and when a law case in Australia is down for trial—a case the successful outcome of which would mean two hundred thousand pounds in Wendern's favour. The fair American thinks it her duty to accept the offer of an impoverished peer that her money may be of most use in maintaining some of the glories of English tradition. Poor Wendern receives his refusal just as the double crisis in his financial affairs is approaching, and everything combines to indicate a tragic close to the supper party which he had devised as a surprise to his creditors and those whom he chose to regard as such. Fate, of course, steps in conveniently to give an appropriately happy ending. It is a well told, strongly human story, with incidental light on company making which may serve to put some readers on their guard.

The Bookman's Table.

BY THE WAY: VERSES, FRAGMENTS AND NOTES. By William Allingham. Arranged by Helen Allingham. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

One has no right to judge the verses and fragments that are gathered up in these pages; they are not offered as anything more than rough jottings selected from the poet's note-book; the first draft of a poem, a passing fancy, the germ of a lyric, a scrap of scenic description scribbled down in a careless stanza, a couplet, or a dozen tentative lines, and they are interesting only to those who are interested in William Allingham. But among the prose notes that take up more than half the book are many shrewd opinions on social, political and religious problems, and some piquant

bits of literary criticism. Allingham thought Meredith clever, tedious and unreal; Stevenson too elaborate and self-conscious; Whitman, he says, "treats his guests with heaps of uncooked viands; instead of a feast he offers them a larder;" and he thought FitzGerald's "Omar" not worth thinking twice about—it is "commonplace beyond expression." He was a man of discriminating taste, but had his enthusiasms—chief among them being a fine enthusiasm for Carlyle. Right, or mistaken, their individual outlook, their freshness and downright candour, give his criticisms a savour of their own and a real value.

BEHIND THE NIGHTLIGHT. The By-World of a Child of Three. Described by Joan Maude, and faithfully recorded by Nancy Price. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

This is a charmingly quaint little book about the weird and wonderful things that live in that mysterious land that lies on the other side of the nightlight. The land and its inhabitants have been discovered by a remarkable little girl of three—Miss Joan Maude, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maude, the well-known actors. There are vivid and concise descriptions of those inhabitants, their habits and peculiarities, and they all have ludicrously appropriate names. Mrs. Maude (Miss Nancy Price) tells us in her preface that she has merely acted as the small author's amanuensis, and has put down everything as nearly as possible in the language of the original. Each animal or elf, she assures us, is entirely the invention of the child's brain, "without suggestion of any kind other than her own imagination." The very young author begins by informing us of the unconventional way in which she made the acquaintance of the Hibbertoo: "He was sitting on the little red stool between me and the nightlight, and when I saw him and he saw me we both laughed, and he said 'Hallo!' and I said 'I am pleased you have come.' There had been no party that day—only medicine—and there was nobody in the room except the black fairy who lives on the other side of the nightlight. When we had done laughing—there were all the other people." Then she proceeds to describe in order the most fantastic and astonishing creatures imaginable. The Kiddikee "has yellow silk fur and nineteen legs. He has one ear on one of his legs and one ear on his tail . . . His teeth are quite green and both his eyes are red. He lives underneath the flower-pot with one caterpillar and two snails, and he always has breakfast in bed on Monday." The majority of these creatures collect various objects. Kiddikee, for instance, specialises in shoes, and the Fritchet or Kickmas collects string, corkscrews, elastic and india-rubber. The Gott family "is very interesting and very large." They collect relations and live under the ground. "That's why the flowers come up so quick, for they find the Gott family terrible nasty to live with, and they get away from them as soon as ever they can." Bomblemass is an unfortunate animal that has to tie his legs on with black silk ribbon. He lives in the piece-bag, and is the only one that never grows teeth. Jonket derives his name from his singular manner of coughing. "He collects coughs in a paper bag, but as soon as he's got enough for a new jonk he gets over excited and pops the bag. Then Bomblemass laughs till his legs get loose, and he has to stop to tie them up." These are only a few samples of the many entertaining animals and oddities that go to make this spontaneous and queerly imaginative little volume one of the most original and most amusing nonsense books ever written.

THE REAL CAPTAIN CLEVELAND. By Allan Fea. 8s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

In "The Real Captain Cleveland," Mr. Allan Fea gives some interesting new particulars of the infamous Captain Gow, who, executed in 1725 for piracy and murder on the high seas, was the subject of one of Defoe's many brochures dealing with crime and villainy, and the original of the Captain Cleveland who figures as the repentant villain in Sir Walter Scott's well-known romance. Apparently, Mr. Fea belongs to the family of Gow's captor, Mr. James Fea, of Clestrain, and it is to the author's credit that he makes no attempt to palliate the rather shabby and underhand devices whereby his forbear managed to secure, and so to bring to the gallows, his old school-mate. Fortunately for the good fame of James Fea, the scoundrel he succeeded in capturing is revealed as the kind of treacherous and bloody-minded desperado on whom chivalry would have been completely wasted; though we cannot but remember that Clestrain, judged by his very cautious and temperate devotion to the cause of Prince Charlie, seems to have been one of those Highlanders whose notions of loyalty were quite sufficiently canny. Mr. Allan Fea can scarcely be expected to write this kind of narrative with the gusto and literary taste that Mr. John Masefield always brings to such a task. But he might avoid such slipshod English as "*Captain Singleton* was never the reckless and murderous ruffian as Gow turned out to be," and "Another youth . . . met two men . . . in a public house . . . and persuaded him to go with them." In this latter sentence Mr. Fea means "and they persuaded him to go with them."

VAGROM MEN. By Alfred F. Story. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

STUDIES IN ARCADY. By R L. Gales. Second Series. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Mr. Alfred Story's sketches of "Vagrom Men" have a delicate, indefinable charm, and are written with a thoughtfulness and quiet grace of style that make them worthy of their place in a series that includes "The Roadmender." One could as easily describe the fragrance of flowers as give any adequate impression of such sketches within the scope of this review. There is nothing in them if you attempt a synopsis; we might summarise the little incidents that make up the stories of "The Almshouse," "The Puppet Show," "The Old Schoolmaster," "The Herb Gatherer," but this would give you no sufficient idea of them, for it is the mood, the manner, the atmosphere of them that matter more than all and you can only have these things by reading the book for yourself and surrendering to its subtle spell. It is a restful little book full of delightfully sympathetic pictures of old-world country life and country people, and charged with the kindly humour and homely pathos of life as it is lived by lowly men and women. We have read its ten chapters with the keenest enjoyment of their gentle philosophy and the sensitive literary art with which they are written. Mr. Gales writes also of the country life and rural folk in his "Studies in Arcady," but he does not touch his scenes and characters with the same magic of poetry; he writes in a more practical vein and less of the light of fancy and imagination plays about his work. He writes realistically, and out of a fulness of knowledge; moreover, he is didactic and has strong opinions on the problems of village life and the social questions of the hour. These he discusses with a force and shrewdness that are eminently suggestive, and whether you agree with him or not he always interests you. There are some admirable dissertations on Folk-lore and Tradition; and on Speech and Language; and in a fourth section of his book a very entertaining collection of essays on a very wide variety of topics.

PIERS PLOWMAN. A Comparison with some earlier and contemporary French allegories. By Dorothy L. Owen. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton for the University of London Press.)

Dorothy L. Owen's comparison of Langland's "Piers Plowman," with some earlier and contemporary French allegories, is a volume scarcely suited to the requirements of the average reader. The man, for instance, who is making his first acquaintance with the "Vision" in the suggestive but necessarily truncated version of the poem which Mr. Arthur Burrell has recently edited for "Everyman's Library," will be apt to find Miss Owen's erudition and exact scholarship a long way beyond his need. And—experts apart—we may say that it is only those who